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Wayside Blossoms

OF

PROSE AND POETRY

Selected from the Choicest Productions of Every Clime, with a View to Acquaint Older Boys and Girls with the Best in Literature.

TOGETHER WITH

Dialogues, Character Ballads and Exercises

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

Superbly Illustrated with Full-Page Illustrations by the Best Artists.

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HOOVER
FEB 15 '37 g. Mrs. W. C. Headen

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Wayside Blossoms

DEAD AT THIRTY.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the sycophant crowd,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your rich wines and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day 'neath the sod in your shroud.

Just for the sake of being called clever—dashing—
By human hogs living outside of a pen,
The rain on your cold bed is ceaselessly splashing,
While you should be living—a man among men!

Just for the sake of being pointed at—looked at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the follies of weak brains—like yours—fat,
You are as dead as the dreams your boyish soul knew.

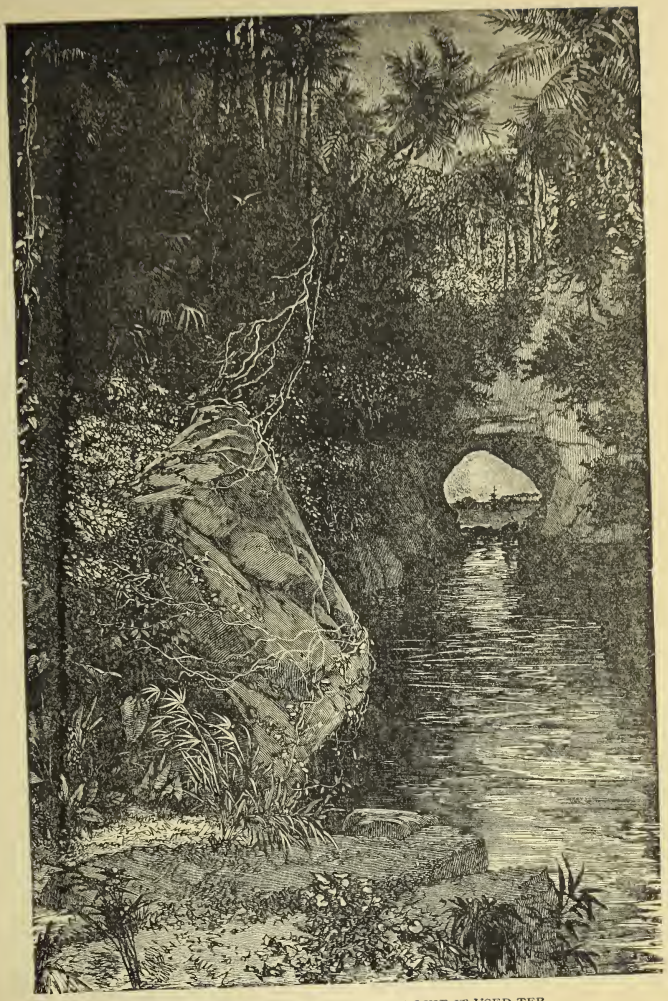
You feigned a contempt for the eagles of yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boisterous mirth—
Just for the sake of being called a good fellow!
You are nothing, to-day, but a boxful of earth.

SINCE NELLIE WENT AWAY.

HENRY CHESTER.

The homestead ain't ez bright an' cheerful ez it used
to be,
The leaves ain't growin' half so green upon the maple
tree—
The brook don't seem ter ripple like it used ter, down
the hill—
The bobolinks appear ter hev a some'at sadder thrill;
The waivin' corn hez lost its gold, the sunshine ain't
so bright,
The day is growin' shorter jest ter make a longer
night;
There is somethin' gnawin' at my heart I guess hez
come to stay;
The world ain't been the same to me since Nellie
went away.

The old piano over there I gave her when a bride—
It ain't been played upon but once since she took sick
and died;
An' then a neighbor's girl come in an' struck up "Old
Black Joe,"
An' "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," an' some-
how, don't you know,
It almost made me crazy, wild with anguish an' des-
pair—
I saw her sittin' at the keys, but knew she wasn't
there,



THE BROOK DON'T SEEM TO RIPPLE LIKE IT USED TER.

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An' that is why I never want to hear the old thing play—
The music don't sound natural since Nellie went away.

The parson tells me every man hez got ter have his woe—
His argument is good, perhaps, for he had orter know—
But then it's hard for everyone ter allers see the right
In turnin' pleasure into pain an' sunshine into night;
I guess it's all included in the Maker's hidden plan—
It takes a heap o' grief an' woe ter temper up a man.
I sympathize with any fellow when I hear him say,
The world don't seem the same to him since some one went away.

The scripture says that, in His own sweet way, if we but wait,
The Lord'll take our burdens an' set crooked matters straight;
An' there's a hope that all the grief an aching heart can hold,
Will be offset by happiness a hundred million fold,
When we hev reached the end o' life's eventful voy'ge at last,
An' all our pain an' misery is buried in the past.
An' so I'm lookin' for'ard to the dawnin' of a day
When mebbe it won't seem so long since Nellie went away.

MEMORIAL MORNING.

CHAS. EUGENE BANKS.

"Virginia, open the casement there,
I hear the strains of a martial band
In the street below, let me catch the air.
The doctor? how; shall I not command?

"There, child, forgive me, old age is quick
To anger, in patience a very snail;
But I'll to the window; life's shriveled wick
Shall blaze once more e'er it utterly fail.

"Ah! so; the curtain a trifle down;
Ho? Halt you there where sunlight plays
So merrily over your locks of brown—
They had just such curls in the dear old days.

"My sweet twin darlings. It can not be—
What's that they are playing? 'The Tender
and True?'
You are like your father as like can be,
And they both came back to me, both in you.

"They are not forgotten! The Nation halts
In its greedful rush for an hour or so
To shrive itself of its baser faults,
Lest it altogether forgetful grow.

"Nay, nay, I am querulous, thoughts like these
Dishonor Love's festal, and surely I
Should honor a custom that strips the trees
For love of the dead who are not to die.

"For yonder where Donelson frowns above
The Cumberland waters, my darlings lie
In each other's arms, in the clasp of love,
The gray and the blue, and they met to die.

"God sits in judgment. To honor bound
Were both my boys though they walked apart.
But they sleep to-day 'neath a single mound,
Sleep shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart.

"As in one low cradle they used to sleep,
My blush-rose babies. What, tears, my child?
For the Nation's dead let the Nation weep,
And kneeling above them be reconciled!

"If the palm leaves whispered their lullaby,
Or the North wind shouted their cradle song
What matter? their duty to do and die:
Their deeds, not motives, to us belong.

"What to me, if the flags that my heroes bore
Were barred and spangled or azure thread,
If blue or gray were the coats they wore?
They were all my world and my world is dead.

"Where mounds are many go scatter your flowers
Ye prosperous people; where mounds are few,
Where the lone loon calls to the lonely hours,
Where the sensitive aspen tree scatters the dew,

"On plain or mountain, by river or wood,
Wherever a soldier is sleeping to-day,
Let fall the blossoms in fragrant flood,
For sons of one mother are the Blue and the Gray."

JANUARY—THE WATER BEARER.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

Lifted he his mighty pitcher, sparkling to its dewy brim;
Quoth the traveler, "Clouds are rising on the blue horizon's rim!"
Dismally the wind went moaning through the withered branches bare,
Whirled the cock upon the steeple, swept the dry leaves here and there,
And a little damsel, hurrying blithely on her homeward way,
Hushed her song, and glanced with anxious forehead at the gathering gray.

Tilted he the brimming vase till ran the crystal from its lips,
Letting one by one the big drops through his hollowed fingers drip:
"Well-a-day, the storm is on us!" quoth the traveler looking down,
Closer drew his cap, and wrapped him closer in his cloak of brown,
And a little hurrying maiden with her satchel swifter sped,
While the thickening drops fell faster on the scarlet-hooded head.

Half in sport, and half in sudden anger, weary of his care,
With his giant arm he dashed the cracking vase into the air:
All the landscape, blurred and blotted in the pouring rain and sleet,
Swam before the drenched and draggled traveler, toiling through the street.
Rose the wind in moaning gusts, and drove aslant the pelting rain,

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Bowed the trees before the tempest, writhing as in
mortal pain.

Roared a torrent in the gutters, gurgled every chok-
ing spout,
Scarce was heard the traveler's muttering in the up-
roar and the rout.
And a little dripping damsel, blown and beaten to and
fro,
Through the storm went running till her eyes and
cheeks were all aglow.
Peeping down to view the havoc made by mischief-
working might,
Straight he burst into a giant roar of laughter at the
sight.

"Ho, the sun is shining!" cried the traveler, glanc-
ing where there shone,
Indistinct, his own reflection in the wet and glistening
stone.
Twinkled every dripping tree-top, by the sudden
radiance kissed,
Glittered proud the ancient cock upon the steeple in
the mist.
And a little breathless maiden, looking through a nar-
row pane,
Smiled to see an arch of glory shine athwart the fall-
ing rain.

EXAMINATIONS.

BY W. M. GIFFIN.

The other night I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for my poor head
Was filled with a most awful dread,
Examinations.

I thought of this, and then of that;

Of set and sit; which goes with sat?
I fear my brain has run to fat.
Examinations!

Next came the base and rate per cent.,
Of money to an agent sent,
And with that word all of them went,
Examinations!

Then my lessons I try to spell;
Which words have two, and which one L?
Oh, my poor brain! I cannot tell.
Examinations!

Where is Cape Cod, and where Pekin?
Where do the rivers all begin?
A high per cent. I cannot win.
Examinations!

Who was John Smith? What did he do?
And all the other fellows, too?
You must tell me, I can't tell you.
Examinations!

Oh, welcome sleep! at last it came;
But not to rest me, all the same;
For in my dreams this is my bane—
Examinations!

ANOTHER SPIDER AND FLY.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

"Come try my new swing!" said a cunning old spider,
As she fastened a thread round a columbine stalk,

To a trim little fly that lit down beside her
To brush off the dust while they had a short talk.

"See this now! I touched with my foot that tall aster!
Now back—there I jostled that lovely sweet pea!
O such jolly fun! see I go fast and faster!
Hop in, little neighbor, there's room here by me!"

"It can't be so nice as to fly," he made answer,
While thoughtfully stroking his fair gauzy wings.
"Poh! flies! I've had them! They are nice, but my land, sir!
You can't till you try, know the pleasure of swings."

The spider and swing—they went faster and higher;
The blossoms they nodded and all things looked gay,
And our charmed little fly soon lost all desire
Save just once to swing in that rollicking way.

"He'll come now, I know," said the cunning old spinner,
And her cruel eyes gleamed as she danced out of sight.
Then looking back slily she thought of the dinner
That plump fly would make when she had him all tight.

"She's gone!" thought the fly. "Now I guess I will try it."
And all in a flutter he hurried right in.
"Nice, isn't it, dear? Now don't you deny it!"
And the spider sprang out with a horrible grin.

Whew! swoop comes a swallow! he seizes the derider,

And off to his nest in the barn roof has flown;
So now little silver wings laughs at the spider,
And swings if he pleases, or lets it alone.

THE LITTLE TIN CUP.

THOMAS FROST.

Whoa, Betty! How do, sir? Is this here the 'sylum
for folks as is mad?
It air? Wal, my Lucy's to hum, sir; not ravin'; oh
no — just a fad —
And ef I'd my own way I wouldn't be thinkin' o'
fetchin' her here;
But it ain't no use argyin' matters when sister-in laws
interfere.

You see it were this how: last harvest we parted with
baby — little Chick;
The pootiest child in the kentry; the rompinest, 'fore
he got sick;
And his mother, poor gal, took it badly when we
telled her as baby was dead;
For she didn't shed tears like she'd orter, but sot thar
a-shakin' her head.

And when baby was put in the parlor, she crep' sof'ly
up to the box,
And we heerd her say, "Go to sleep, darlin'," as she
brushed back his bootiful locks.
But nex' day she was sleepin' herself, sir, when they
come from the taown with the hearse,
So we went to the graveyard without her, and saved
her the 'sterics, or worse.

Wal, when we got back from the fun'ral, thar was
Lucy a-gettin' the tea;
On the table was three cups and saucers, for her and
the sister and me:
But I can't tell the turn as it give me to see on cloth,
polished up,
Just as bright as it shined on his birthday, our poor
Chickey's little tin cup!

Then the sister she starts in a cryin', and says she
with her face very white,
"Lucy, dear, don't you know that the baby won't
want any supper to-night?"
Then, poor gal, she jist lifts up her finger and she
points it at baby's old place,
And she says, "Don't the tin cup look dirty along o'
that dazzlin' face?"

Ev'ry morning she's up with the daybreak, a-scrubbin'
that poor bit o'tin;
And she's still at it, scourin' and rubbin' when the
shadders of evenin' comes in;
But it's black, sir, as black as the kittle — compared
with the child as sits there,
Shinin' bright with the glory o'Heaven; still as death
in his little high chair!

So I've come, sir, to ask you to take her and larn her
that Chick's gone away
To a place whar no suff'rin' kin enter, no rust, nor
disease, nor decay;
But ef God sent this stroke as a mercy — ef the doc-
tors all gives Lucy up —
She will bring back a heart that ain't broken, and
polish the little tin cup.

FEBRUARY—THE FISHES.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

The waters curved into a pool,
  The murmuring reeds above it bent;
Beneath the willow branches cool,
  A Fisher stood, with eyes intent.
Sing hey, the Brook, the babbling Brook!
The Fishes feel the treacherous hook;
The whispering rushes lean and look;
Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

His glistening, speckled spoil he cast
  Into a basket, one by one,
And down the reedy shore he passed,
  And left them lying in the sun.
Sing hey, the Brook, the murmuring Brook,
Their little lives are almost done;
The sighing rushes lean and look;
Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

The Fisher's child, a tiny lass,
  With eyes as blue as is the sea,
Came creeping through the meadow grass,
  And gazed upon them wonderingly.
Her tender bosom heaved with sighs,
She gazed at them with pitying eyes
As misty as the morning skies;
Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

With dainty fingers, one by one,
  She dropped them just within the brim,
And watched the bubbles in the sun
  Come dancing to the reedy rim.
Sing hey, the Brook, the laughing Brook!
Through waters cool they circling swim;
The whispering rushes lean and look;
Sing hey, the bonny Brook!

FEBRUARY
PISCES

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THE OLD.

ANON.

Give me the old songs—those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given to them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and, as I "launch my boat" upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earth-land!

Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne;" *sweeter*, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have been parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we

seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And oh! above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours with a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! Oh, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home.

THE COUNT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF NUREMBURG.

O'er the gray old German city
The shadow of mourning lay:
More tenderly kissed each mother
Her little child that day.

With a deeper prayer each father
Laid his hand on his first-born's head,
For in the castle above them
Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.

Slow moved the great procession
Down from the castle gate,
To where the black-draped cathedral
Blazed in funereal state.

And they laid the little child down,
In her robes of satin and gold,

To sleep with her dead forefathers
In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping
'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
She heard as it were a rustling,
And little feet come nigh.

She started up in the darkness,
And with yearning gesture wild,
She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading,
Said, "I've come, O mother dear,
To ask if you will not lay me
Where the little birds I can hear;

"The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.

"In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear

"And I'm all alone, dear mother,
No other child is there;
Oh, lay me to sleep in the sunshine,
Where all is bright and fair.

"I cannot stay, dear mother,
I must back to the moans and gloom;
I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
Till you take me from my tomb."

Then the Countess roused her husband,
Saying, "Give to me, I pray,
That spot of green by the deep fosse,
Where the children love to play.

"For our little one lies weeping,
And asks, for Christ's dear sake,
That 'mid song and sunlight and flowers,
Near children her grave we make."

And the green spot was made a garden,
Blessed by priests with book and prayer,
And they laid the Count's little daughter
'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a playground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.

—*Mrs. R. S. Greenough.*

HIS OLD YELLOW ALMANAC.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I left the farm when mother died, and changed my
place of dwellin'
To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city
street.
And there was them, before I came, that sort of scared
me, tellin'
How I would find the town folks' ways so difficult
to meet.
They said I'd have no comfort in the rustlin', fixed-up
throng,
And I'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day
right along.
I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water,
I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of
shows;

And there's no end of comfort in the mansion of my
daughter,
And every thing is right at hand, and money freely
flows,
And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call,
But I miss the yellow almanac off my old kitchen
wall.
The house is full of calendars, from attic to the cellar,
They're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to
see;
But just in this particular I'm not a modern feller,
And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough
for me.
I'm used to it, I've seen it round from boyhood to old age,
And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page.
I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's
beginnin'
(In these new-fangled calendars the days seemed
sort of mixed),
And the man upon the cover, though he wa'n't ex-
actly winnin',
With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how
we are fixed;
And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr.
Ayer
I've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.
I tried to find one recently; there wa'n't one in the
city,
They toted out great calendars in every sort of
style;
I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in
pity;
"I'd rather have my almanac than all that costly
pile."
And, though I take to city life, I'm lonesome after all,
For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.

MARCH—THE RAM.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

"'His golden horns and fleece of gold
Shone dazzling in the sunset light.
With Helle and her brother bold
He skimmed the air in dizzy flight.'"
The raindrops down the window slide,
The hoarse wind moans in muffled rage;
Within, two fair heads, side by side,
Bend low above the enchanted page.

All heedless of the storm, they stray
In sunny fields of ancient Greece,
And with the fabled children play,
And see the Ram with golden fleece.
"Hark, Amy?" "'Swift they flew and far,
Till "Farewell, Phrixos!" Helle cried;
And falling like a falling star
She sank forever in the tide.'"

"I would have held you, Amy dear!"
"Oh, how could Phrixos lose her so?
Please read the rest. I want to hear
What happened to the Ram, you know."
And all unheeded moans the gale,
While still they walk in Fairyland,
And ponder o'er the ancient tale
They can but dimly understand.

"'So lived the Ram and so he died
Within the palace-walls at peace;
And people flocked from far and wide
To seek and win the Golden Fleece.'"
A charmed silence fills the room,
The firelight flickers on the floor,

MARCH.
Aries.

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The rain sounds softly through the gloom:
A footstep pauses at the door.

"You here, my dear?" a clear voice says.
"I've hunted for you everywhere!"
Then Ralph, in laughing earnest, lays
His hand on Amy's shining hair.
"No wonder that you looked in vain,
Mamma, for we have been to Greece —
We did not mind about the rain —
And I have found the Golden Fleece."

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

CHARLES HOEY.

(*Abridged.*)

The first thing I remember, was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say,
"Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you are sending them to;
Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of the father and son;
Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them doomed every one,
To fall, as it were by your hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;

I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the
deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees
by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise in the distance? That, I
could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of
some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came, till it made my
very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me, and seems
to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that, yelling so shrilly? Ah! I
know now! it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to
take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated
breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared
like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remem-
bered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing
fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts, some demon seemed
holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by
my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew
nothing after the crash.

How long I lay unconscious 't was impossible to
tell, [a hell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shriek-
ing of husbands and wives,

And of the day we all shrink from, when I must
account for their lives.
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glar-
ing madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their
grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me
they sped;
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma,"
were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river
should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly
noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubt-
less an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though
she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them
one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she
left for this dark, fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her, and while search-
ing for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and rec-
ognized—Maggie, my wife.

O Lord! thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou
hast shattered my pride!
My life will be one endless nightmare, with Mag-
gie away from my side!
How often I'd sat down and pictured that some
day I, p'r'aps, might be rich—
But all of my dreams had been shattered, while I
lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court room was steadily fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught right hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch,
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch."

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

A good time is coming, I wish it were here;
The very best time in the whole of the year.
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs
The hours that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Good-bye for a while, then, to lessons and school;
We can talk, laugh, and sing, without breaking the rule.
No troublesome spellers, no writing, nor sums,
There's nothing but playtime, when Santa Claus comes.

I suppose I shall have a new dolly, of course,
My last one was killed by a fall from her horse;
While for Harry and Jack, there'll be trumpets and drums,
To deafen us with when Santa Claus comes.

I'll hang up my stocking to hold what he brings;
I hope he will fill it with lots of good things;
He must know how dearly I love sugar plums,
I'd like a big box full, when Santa Claus comes.

And now that the snowflakes begin to come down
And the wind whistles sharp, and the branches are
brown,
I don't mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,
'Cause it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus
comes.

APRIL—THE BULL.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

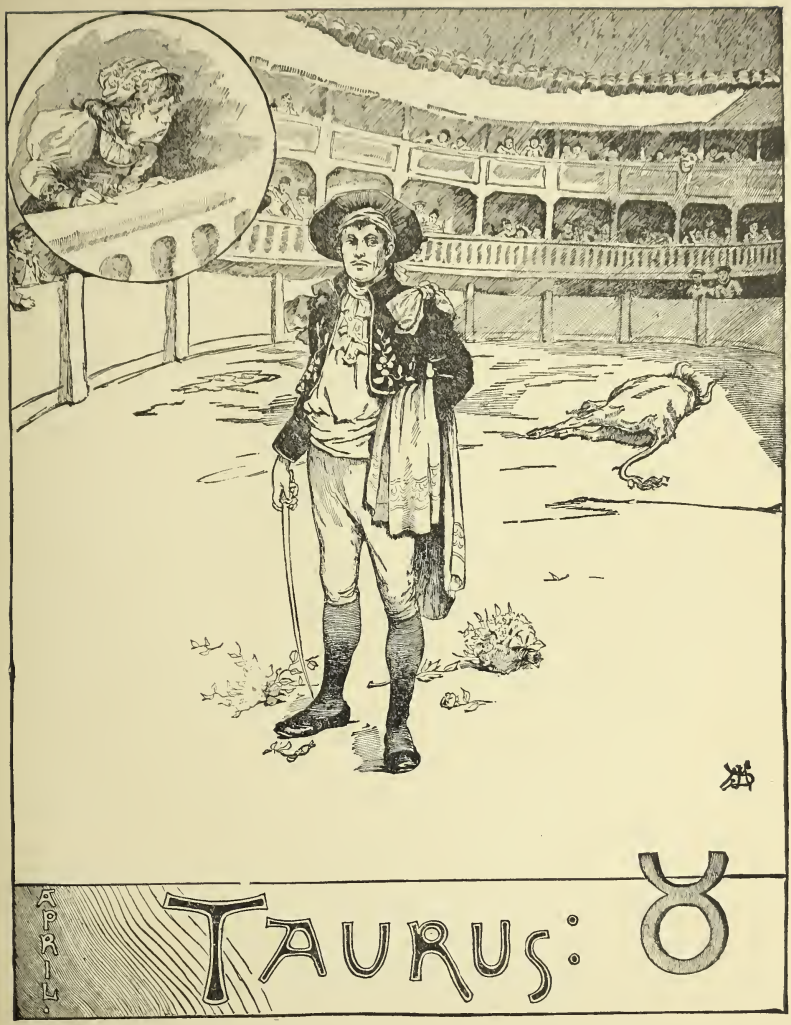
"Huzza!" From box and balcony
Rang out the loud exultant cry:
"Huzza! the Matador!"

From floor to roof a glittering maze
Of gorgeous robes and faces fair,
With lustrous laces gleaming rare,
And veils of fluttering gossamer,
And fans that set the air astir,
And flowers that bloom and gems that blaze
Filled all the amphitheatre.

Below them in the sunlit space
Beneath the tranquil April skies,
Two combatants stood face to face:
A milk-white bull, with fiery eyes,
Huge, frantic, mad with rage and pain,
His great head bowed to charge the foe,
And, poising with a cool disdain
His weapon for the fatal blow,
A youth, decked out in gorgeous wise.

A murmurous hush, a breathless pause—
The ladies leaned far out to see.

A flash of scarlet drapery—
A plunge—a bellowing roar—a cloud
Of flying dust! Then burst the applause,
With cheer on cheer of wild delight
That rolled the echoing circle round.
And while, low fallen upon the ground,
His victim struggled hard with death,
The hero of the noble fight,



APRIL.

TAURUS: ♉

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Rained on with flowers from fingers white
'Mid ringing Bravos, smiled and bowed.

A child sobbed softly in the crowd.
"Alas, poor bull!" below her breath
She wept. "Alas, poor pretty bull!"
With sad eyes grieved and pitiful,
And down beside him in the sand,
One blossom, wet with tearful dew,
One little crimson rose she threw,
And hid her sweet eyes with her hand.

And still all tongues the victor sang,
"Huzza!" the thundering plaudits rang,
"Huzza! the Matador!"

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner—
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch town—
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.

If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was not a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care,
And the ugly frown that he used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
"But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner,
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him the next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and stocks were down,
But a smile, somehow, had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old time drawl:

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!" [Horner,
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.
—*Independent.*

WHAT WE LEARN AT SCHOOL.

(For five little children.)

(All.) Fathers, mothers, see us now,
As we make a pretty bow.
Next we'll tell you, each in turn,
What it is we here do learn.

(1st.) First we're taught in kindly way,
We our teacher should obey:
When we strive to do the right
We are happy morn and night.

(2d.) And we try to keep in mind,
We to others should be kind;

For we know that all through life
We must shun dispute and strife.

(3d.) Then, to meet another need,
Ev'ry one learns how to read.
As you all can see at once
No one means to be a dunce.

(4th.) Now we spell, and now we write,
'Till we know each word at sight;
Thus you see how well we learn
Each new thing to which we turn.

(5th.) Now to add and take away,
This we learn from day to day;
How to bound our State we know;
East or south, the way we go.

(All.) But we have no time to tell
All the things we've learned so well,
So we ask you, one and all,
At our school again to call.

BOYS.

Sturdy little farmer boys, tell me how you know
When 'tis time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow.
Do the hens with yellow legs
Scold you when you look for eggs?
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?
Do the pigs in concert squeal,
When you bring their evening meal?
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know
How to navigate your ship when the tempests
blow.
Do you find it pretty hard
Clinging to the top-sail yard?
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll
go?
Do they let you take a light
When you go aloft at night?
Tell me little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.

Little boys, of every kind, tell me how you know
That 'tis time ere school begins, rather ill to grow,
Does the pain increase so fast
It is terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce, when too late to
go?
Do you think I am a dunce?
Wasn't I a school boy once?
Tell me all you little boys, for I'd like to know.

MAY — THE TWINS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

All the world was white with blossom,
Sweet the fields with breath of May,
Silver-throated larks were singing,
Silver-clear the bells were ringing
In the village far away;
"Tell us whom you love!" they cried,
Pressing eager to my side.

"Whom you love the best of any!"
Eyes alight with boyish glee,
Ankle deep in daisies standing,
Thus my secret heart demanding,
Came my bonny lads to me,
Weary growing of their play,
At the closing of the day.

"What his name is," grave I answered,
"'Twere not fair for me to tell.
But, though I must not confess it,
You, perhaps, may chance to guess it,
For you know my dear Love well;
He is straight and tall and slim,
Stout of heart and lithe of limb.

"Brown his hair is—rumpled, curly,
Blue his eyes—dear honest eyes!
Sunburned face with dimple merry,
Fond of fun and frolic, very!
Fearless, frank—not overwise,
And his age—just ten to-day!"

Pealed their merry ringing laughter;
"Ah," they cried, "but we are two!"
Looked askance at one another,

GEMINI.
MAY.

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Recognizing each his brother,
In the picture that I drew:—
"You have only half confessed;
Can yon love us both the best?"

"Nay," I said, "my blue-eyed tyrants,
I have answered. Be content!"
And with happy jest and laughter,
Long our shadows following after,
Homeward through the dew we went,
And the bells rang far away,
For the closing of the day.

THE DEMON OF THE FIRE.

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

In the deepest death of midnight,
While the sad and solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed
From the forest's chapel bell;
Faintly, faltering, floating,
O'er the sable waves of air
That were through the midnight rolling,
Chafed and billowy with the tolling.
In my chamber, I lay dreaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed
Of a heart foredoomed to care.

As the last long lingering echo
Of the midnight's mystic chime,
Lisping through the sable billow
Of the thither shore of time,
Leaving on the starless silence
Not a shadow or a trace,

In a quivering sign departed
From my couch, in fear, I started—
Started to my feet in terror
For my dream's phantasmal error
Painted in the fitful fire
  A frightful, fiendish, flaming face.

On the red hearth's reddest center,
  From a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to grin and gibe the phantom,
  As in terror, I awoke.
And my slumbering eyelids straining
  As I struggled to the floor—
Still in that dread vision seeming,
Turned my gaze toward the gleaming
Hearth, and then, oh, God! I saw it,
And from its flaming jaws it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing,
  Bubbling, gurgling stream of gore.

Speechless, struck with stony silence,
  Frozen to the floor, I stood,
Till my very brain seemed hissing
  With that hissing, bubbling blood;
Till I felt my life-stream oozing,
  Oozing from those lambent lips,
Till the demon seemed to name me.
Then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,
And I fell back on my pillow,
  In apparent soul eclipse.

Thus, as in death's seeming shadows,
  In the icy pall of fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and
  Hideous murmur to my ear,
Came a murmur, like the murmur
  Of assassins in their sleep,

Muttering, "Higher, higher, higher,
I am demon of the fire,
I am arch fiend of the fire,
And each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is
The blood and tears my victims weep.

"How I revel on the prairie,
How I roar amidst the pines,
How I laugh as from the village
O'er the snow the red flame shines.
How I hear the shriek of terror,
With a life in every breath.
How I scream with lambent laughter
As I hurl each crackling rafter
Down the fell abyss of fire,
Until higher, higher, higher,
Leap the high priests of my altar,
In their merry dance of death.

"I am monarch of the fire,
I am royal king of death.
World encircling with the shadow
Of its doom upon my breath,
With the symbol of hereafter
Gleaming from my fatal face,
I command the eternal fire.
Higher, higher, higher, higher
Leap my ministering demons,
Like phantasmagoric lemans,
Hugging universal nature
In their hideous embrace."

Then a sombre silence shut me
In her solemn shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered like an infant
In the cradle of the deep,

Till the belfry from the forest
  Trembled with the matin stroke;
And the martins from the edge
Of their lichen hidden ledge
Shimmered through the russet arches,
While the light in torn files, marches,
Like a routed army struggling
  Through the serried ranks of oak.

Through my open fretted casement
  Filtered in a tremulous note,
From the tall and shady linden,
  Where the robin swelled his throat,
Tiny wooer, brave breasted robin,
  Quaintly calling for his mate
From my slumber, nightmare ridden,
With the memory of that dire
Demon, in my central fire,
In my eyes' interior mirror
  Like the shadows of a fate.

But the fiendish fire had smoldered
  To a white and formless heap,
And no knot of oak was blazing
  As it blazed upon my sleep.
But on the red hearth's reddest center,
  Where that demon's face had shown,
The shadowy lightning seemed to linger,
And to point with spectral finger
To a Bible, massive, golden —
On a table, carved and olden,
And I bowed and said "All power
Is of God and God alone."

GOD OF NATIONS.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

God of the nations, rise,
Fix on Thyself our eyes,
  Wisdom, Love, Might:
Draw Thou as noontide nigh,
Flood Thou the earth and sky;
Keen, white, pure, vast and high,
  Let there be light.

God of our fathers' day,
Make us as wise as they,
  Thy truth our guide:
Ours be Thy bugle call,
One plan Thou hast in all,
As the new ages fall,
  In us abide.

God make our eye-sight clear,
Duty as freedom dear;
  Right all our wrongs:
Strong in Truth gladly heard,
Loyal to all Thy word,
Nations with hope deferred,
  Fill Thou with songs.

God in all faces shine,
So make Thou all men Thine,
  Under one dome;
Face to face, soul to soul,
East to West, pole to pole,
As the great ages roll,
  Be Thou our home.

JUNE—THE CRAB.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

The waves ran laughing from the land,
And whispered to the sea.
A Baby lay on the silver sand,
With a roseleaf shell in his roseleaf hand,
And a dainty thing was he.
From the crown of his silken head, I ween,
To his bare white foot, there never was seen
A daintier thing than he.

O, soft he cooed in his baby speech,
And laughed in his baby glee,
And put out a dimpled hand to reach
For something lying upon the beach
Close down beside the sea—
A curious, crooked thing, I ween.
With spreading claws and a body green—
A King of Crabs was he.

O sweet the Baby called and cooed,
And beckoned tenderly.
And still the Crab, in sleepy mood,
Would not, by dainty arts be wooed—
A sullen thing was he.
Then came a sound of flying feet—
The baby smiled with wonder sweet,
His mother's face to see.

She caught him, frowning, from the sand,
And fled across the lea.
But still he reached a roseleaf hand
To something crawling down the strand
Sidelong into the sea.
And all the waves at play,
With whispered laughter, ran away
And told it to the sea.

JUNE
CANCER

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WOMEN WANTED.

Women are wanted. Ah, yes! Women who know their own business better than their neighbors'. Women who are true and pure. Women who will not weary in well-doing, who will neither flag nor flinch. Women who know their mission. Women who will daily do loving services, gentle little kindnesses—and do them unostentatiously. Women who will see that bare pantries are supplied, and that the shelterless find homes.

Women are greatly wanted. Women who will not drift with the tide, but will courageously stem the current. Women who live to please God, not themselves. Women with noble, generous souls, whose hearts will utter "Godspeed," as workers grow faint and hands grow weary. Women who will not allow their noble impulses to be crushed by the customs of society. Women who will be the stepping-stones to lift people up—not stumbling-blocks to hinder and cause them to fall. Women who listen to the still, small voice and heed its admonitions. Women with clear brains and ready hands and willing hearts, who know their "life work," and do it.

Yes, women are wanted. Women who know how much power there is in a gentle, encouraging word, how much force there is in a hopeful prophecy. Women who will sow their loving acts broadcast, believing that kind words never die. Women who extend a helping hand all along life's pathway. Women with clear understanding, quick perception, and good judgment. Women of patience. Women of forethought, of discrimination, and great generosity. Women who will brave the scorn of this world to be crowned of God.

THE NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.

Things aint now as they used to be
A hundred years ago,
When schools were kept in private rooms
Above stairs or below;
When sturdy boys and rosy girls
Romped through the drifted snow,
And spelled their duty and their "abs,"
A hundred years ago.

Those old schoolrooms were dark and cold
When winter's sun ran low;
But darker was the master's frown
A hundred years ago;
And high hung up the birchen rod,
That all the school might see,
Which taught the boys obedience,
As well as Rule of Three.

Though 'twas but little that they learned,
A hundred years ago,
Yet what they got they ne'er let slip,—
'Twas well whipped in, you know.
But now the times are greatly changed,
The rod has had its day,
The boys are won by gentle words,
The girls by love obey.

The schoolhouse now a palace is,
And scholars kings and queens;

They master algebra and Greek
Before they reach their teens.
Where once was crying, music sweet
Her soothing influence sheds;
Ferrules are used for beating time,
And not for beating heads.

Yes, learning was a ragged boy,
A hundred years ago;
With six weeks' schooling in a year,
What could an urchin know?
But now he is a full-grown man,
And boasts attainments rare,
He's got his silver slippers on,
And running everywhere.

THE CHARGE OF THE RUM BRIGADE.

MARY S. WHEELER.

All in league, all in league,
All in league onward,
All in the Valley of Death,
Walked the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Rum Brigade!
Cheers for the Whisky Raid!"
Into the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Rum Brigade!"
Were all their friends dismayed?
Yes; and the soldiers knew
Each one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to *drink and die.*

Into the Valley of Death
  Walked the Six Hundred.

Drunkards to right of them,
Drunkards to left of them,
Drunkards in front of them,
  One million numbered.
Oaths fell like shot and shell,
Rum did its work so well.
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Walked the Six Hundred.

Garments torn—cupboards bare—
Children with naught to wear;
Sleeping in gutters their
Fathers are lying, while
  All the world wondered.
Plunged into want and woe,
Onward they madly go.
Weeping in anguish,
Wives sit, for well they know,
  Shattered and sundered,
None will come back who go
  Of the Six Hundred.

Curses to right of them,
Curses to left of them,
Curses behind them
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by those who sell,
They, who had paid so well,
  Well had been plundered.
Clenched teeth and livid brow,
Delirium tremens now,
Thus young and old men fell
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell,
Not one was left of them,
  Left of the Six Hundred.

How did their glory fade!
O, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Weep for the charge they made!
Weep for the Rum Brigade!
  Fallen Six Hundred.

JULY — THE LION.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

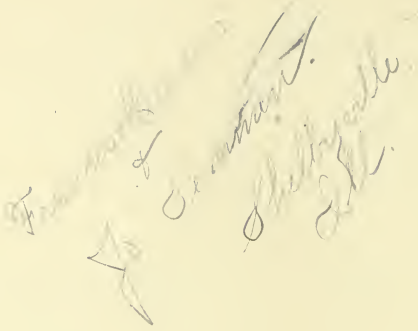
O, many, many years ago —
Or ever fell the winter's snow —
(Thus have the poets sung)
When summer ruled the happy year.
And no man knew the name of Fear,
When nights were fair and days were long,
And Hope was new, and Love was strong,
When this old world was young —

There roamed through field and forest wild
A Lion and a little child.
O many years ago!
Wherever shown the boy's bright head,
Wherever danced his airy tread,
There huge and stately, gaunt and grim,
His mighty playmate followed him
From dawn to sunset glow.

When weary grew the little feet,
The Lion's back became his seat,
And high he rode in glee;
He slept his rosy sleep beside
The gentle monster's shaggy hide,
Or, waking, with his great ears played,
And on their tawny velvet laid
His warm cheek lovingly.

So rolled the happy moons away,
Until the child grew tired one day
Ere yet the sun was low,
And, sinking down upon the ground,
He slept, his dimpled hands yet wound
Within the Lion's tangled mane,
Slept sound, nor ever woke again —
O many years ago!

LEO.
JULY.



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Then broke a brave and gentle heart.
Vain all the Lion's loving art,
  His dumb and wondering woe;
One cry he gave of mortal pain
Till all the forest roared again
And at his playmate's side
Stretched out his mighty limbs and died—
  O many years ago!

Ah me! So tender were the Strong,
When nights were fair and days were long!
  (So have the poets sung).
So mighty Innocence to woo
The fiercest nature and subdue
So brave was Truth, so simple Faith,
So strong the Love that feared not Death,
When this old world was young.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad
  Sung to a careless throng;
There were none who knew the singer,
  And few that heard the song.
Yet the singer's voice was tender
  And sweet, as with love untold,
Surely those hearts were hardened
  That it left, so proud and cold.

But one, in a distant corner,
  A woman worn with strife,
Heard in that song a message
  From the springtime of her life
Fair forms rose up before her,
  From the midst of vanished years
She sat in happy blindness,
  Her eyes were filled with tears.

Then when the song was ended,
  And hushed the last sweet tone,
That listener rose up slowly,
  And went her way alone.

Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong,
And she prayed: "Heaven bless the singer,
And oh, thank God for the song."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue, when about to swear, lie, speak harshly, or use an improper word. Hold on to your hand, when it is about to pinch, or strike some one, and take what is not your own.

Hold on to your feet if they want to kick a living thing, or run away from study or work, into mischief or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or when all are angry with you. Hold on to your temper —you will feel sorry to lose it. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times; for it is of more value than gold, high position, or fine clothes. Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do through all time.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you, under all circumstances. Hold on to your good character, for that is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

STAY ON THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low;
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They've wealth in red gold, no doubt,
But ah, there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You are free as the air in the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow;
Remember you have nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

A BOY'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

Hurrah for the jolly old Spring time!
I know it's coming for sure,
By the mud I cover my boots with,
And forget to wipe off at the door.

And this is the week of vacation
That comes with the spring-time, you know,
Oh, dear, how the days fly like minutes,
But mother thinks they are slow.

I know that we make the house muddy,
And nearly distract her with noise;
But this is the spring time vacation,
And we must enjoy it like boys.

We know it is spring when the hooples,
And tops, balls, and marbles, are out;

When boys that have moped all the winter,
  Begin to stir lively and shout.

We are now all ready for marbles,
  New patches adorn all our knees;
Our fingers are nimble and limber,
  Don't have to wear mittens, or freeze.

There's leap-frog, we've played at all winter
  It's good for the muscles and blood,
We take to it fresh in the spring time,
  What's softer to sit in than mud?

The girls are all talking of flowers,
  And blue birds, and breezes, and brooks,
And are hunting up all the sweet verses
  About "lovely spring," in their books.

It comes pretty hard on a fellow,
  When he don't hear the first robin sing,
Or find the first flower, to tell him
  "He don't care a bit about spring."

Don't every glad shout give it welcome?
  Don't every glad leap tell our joy?
Yes! Hurrah for the jolly old Spring time,
  What more could you ask from a boy?

AUGUST—THE VIRGIN.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

Heigho! how loud the robins red are singing,
The buttercups shine bravely in the sun;
World, you are fair with all your blossoms springing,
I wish the summer late had just begun!

Beginnings always are the best and sweetest;
Night lies too close behind the sunset pink;
And of my books, the happiest and completest
Ends sorrowfully, after all, I think.

Heart, we are young! What do we know of sorrow?
The world is very full of it, they say,
And life and love their truest meaning borrow
From Grief, whose wet eyes turn to Heaven alway.

Yet when I pause, regretful, backward turning
To sunny childhood's April smiles and tears,
I feel my heart leap with a swift yearning
To know the secrets of the coming years.

I dream—O happy dream!—of joy and blessing.
Hope is so sweet—what can fulfillment be?
If grief must come—ah well! no need of guessing;
The future secrets are not yet for me.

I only know how joyous is the present,
How glad the summers answer to the spring;
I only know the past was fair and pleasant,
I only know the song the robins sing.

And very tender are the hearts that love me,
And very dear the hopes of womanhood,
And very blue the sweet skies are above me,
And the earth is beautiful—and God is good.

VIRGO.

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How can I be but glad in very living?
Heart, we are young! Life you are very fair!
My hand is yours, your many faults forgiving,
I walk with you, dear Life, I know not where!

Sing, robin, all your blithest carols sing me!
Shine, blossoms, bravely in the August sun!
Come loitering years, I fear not what you bring me,
My own glad summer now is just begun!

'TIS HOME WHERE'ER OUR FLAG IS.

'Tis home where'er flag is,
Dear hearts, remember that!
You may be at Pekin, Paris,
Madrid, or Ararat;
But wheresoe'er waves that fair,
That bonnie banner blue,
With stars bedight, with stripes so bright,
There's home, sweet home, for you!

Sweet home where'er our flag is,
Honor 'neath its stars,
If waved from foreign crag 'tis,
That foreign crag is ours!
Columbia's dower gives peerless power
To guard her children true;
And wheresoe'er our colors flare,
There's home for me and you!

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Banked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
Art the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see

If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound —
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and saber-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh,
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom!" or "leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,

Though on the lips of death;
Praying alas! in vain!
So they could once more see
That burst of liberty!

This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment!

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

M. A. DENISON.

An' sure I was told to come in till your honor,
To see would ye write a few lines to Pat.
He's gone for a soger is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a stripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what'll ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer honor to spake with a pen.
Tell him I m well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby yer honor) is better again.

For whin he wint off so sick was the craythur,
She niver hilt up her blue eyes to his face:

And when I'd be crying he'd look at me wild like,
  And ax "Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gravin,
  And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin
  And a bullet gone straight through the heart of my boy.

Tell him to send us a bit of his money,
  For the rint and the docther's bill, due in a wake,
And sure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
  I' faith had no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over such trifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
  I'll find some one willing, oh what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
  Yer honor don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Connor! oh, God it's some ither,
  Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
  It hasn't hed time, yer honor, to dry.

Dead! dead! O God, am I crazy?
  Shure it's breaking my heart ye are telling me so,
And what in the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
  O what can I do? where can I go?

This room is so dark,—I'm not seein' yer honor,
  I think I'll go home,—and a sob hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
  But never a tear welled up to her eye.

SEPTEMBER. — THE BALANCE.

BY MARGARET JONNSON,

He counted out the clinking coin.
And heaped it shining in the scale,
"A very goodly pile!" said he,
"These figures tell a pleasant tale,"
And smiled to see the evening sun
Burn redly on the coin he spun.

"You are not covetous, good dame,
Else had you never seen my gold,
And yet I trow you scarce would scorn
This gleaming heap, if truth were told."
She laughed and shook her proud young head.
"A goodly pile, indeed!" she said.

"You love your yellow treasure too,
I know, for — hark!" her fair cheek glowed.
"I too have weighed my growing wealth —
The scale these selfsame numbers showed.
Yours is a pretty sum and round,
Yet I can match it pound for pound."

"Forsooth!" he cried in merry scorn,
"Come, prithee bring the riches out,
That we may weigh them 'pound for pound,'
And prove your word beyond a doubt.
Unless so locked away they be
That you yourself have not the key."

Libra.
September

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"Nay, friend," she laughed with happy eyes,
"I keep my treasure safely hid,
But not within the moldy ground
Or underneath an iron lid.
I count it secretly apart,
And wear it always next my heart."

She caught her baby from the floor,
A creeping, cooing, dimpled thing,
That struggled in its mother's arms
To reach the gold, with lusty spring,
And babbled at the dazzling sight,
A wordless language of delight.

She pressed the velvet cheek to hers,
And kissed the silken, sunny head,
"Come, are you ready? shall we weigh
The treasure, pound for pound?" she said,
And then with tender triumph smiled,
And in the balance laid her child.

ULYSSES.

[The following eloquent tribute to General Grant is from the pen of Robert Buchanan, and was written a few weeks previous to the hero's death.]

One sunset I beheld an Eagle flying
'Mong the lone mountains of the Hebrides—
Faintly he falter'd on, half spent and dying,
Between the kindled crags, the darkening seas.

Before the wind he sail'd on feeble pinions,
From chasm to chasm, from lonely peak to peak;
King had he been for years of those dominions,
And kingly seem'd he still, tho' worn and weak.

Piteous it was to see that bird imperial,
Whose flight had known no bounds, whose strength no chain,
Drifting in desolation to his burial
Somewhere in those cold regions of the rain.

Yet have I lived to see a sight more sorry,
Here in the mighty land where men are free-
The eagle-warrior, lone with all his glory,
Floating thro' clouds, close to a sunless sea!

The shape that on the wind of tribulation
Hover'd, and ruled the tempest like its lord,
The soldier-hero who redeemed a nation,
And cut man's chains asunder with his sword.

The silent leader, who arose victorious
Out of a flood of hate, a sea of death,
Now, fallen on darkness and a time inglorious,
Flutters so near the ground, with failing breath!

Oh, God! it seems but only yester even
The trumpet of Euroclydon was blown,
The storm-cloud gather'd, and the fiery levin
Lighted the world, and flash'd from zone to zone!

'Mid sounds of lamentation and of weeping,
Cries of the waking who had slept so long,
Upcircling swiftly thro' the tempest sweeping,
The eagle rose, with flight supreme and strong.

His voice was in the storm, above the thunder,
His war-cry thrill'd the land from shore to shore:
Not till the battle cloud was cloven asunder,
He sought his eyrie, and look'd down once more!

Feeble and weary, yet thro' all disaster,
Silent and self-contain'd, serene and proud,
Master of men, and of his own soul master,
Behold him drifting now, from cloud to cloud!

So wearily his slow, sad flight he urges,
Unrestful, fearless-eyed, as heretofore,
Then pauses, calmly list'ning to the surges
Thund'ring so near, on some eternal shore.

The people raise their pitying eyes to view him,
Weary he is and weak, yet will not rest,
Tho' Washington is brightly beck'ning to him
From the yet widening blue of yonder West!

But lo! a Form, with radiant robes around her,
Uprises, follow'd by a shadowy train,
Crowns him with love who once with glory crown'd her,
Blesses the hands that broke her last strong chain!

Smile then, Ulysses! Tho' thy Troy hath ended,
Tho' all thy life's long Odyssey is done,
By Lincoln and the martyr-hosts attended,
Columbia kneels before her soldier-son!

What tho' a little space, when homeward sailing,
Thou saw'st the treacherous isles where sirens dwell?
The sweetest songs they sang were unavailing
To keep God's warrior underneath their spell.

Thou wast not made to herd with things polluted,
Grasp dust of gold, and fawn at Circe's knee;
Thy flight was sunward, not thro' chasms rooted
With leaves that fall from Mammon's upas-tree!

Rest, wanderer, in the sun, Columbia kisses
Her soldier's honor'd brow, and clears its gloom—
And this white lily of love she brings, Ulysses,
Was plucked upon thy brother Lincoln's tomb!

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,—
One gathered nuts; the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed:
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my friends; their locks are turned gray;
One, as a governor, sitteth to-day,
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days, as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play.
Living, uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

MRS. L. G. McVEAGH.

Look at the children clustered there,
Busy with books, or wild with play,
Which of our darlings can we spare
To keep the sidewalk in good repair
Or to pave, with stone, the public way?

Shall it be yours, with the forehead fair,
And blue eyes lifted fond and sweet?
Shall it be mine, whose dark brown hair
Must be laid low, that our dainty feet
May not be soiled by the muddy street?

Somebody's girls and somebody's boys,
Rum is crushing there, every day,
First it murders their infant joys,
And steals a father's care away.
Snatches food from lips that pale,
Strips the shoes from the tiny feet,
Blackens with blows the shoulders frail,
But—it brings in money to mend the street.

Oh men! Oh brothers! with ballots to cast,
Ye are come to the kingdom, for such an hour,
The hour has struck, and we stand at last
Where God has granted to you the power.

After all of our helpless years,
When full to the brim was our cup of woe,
The answer comes, to our prayers and tears,
And it rests with you. Will you strike the blow?
Now, by the love that you bear your own,
For the sake of each little child you meet,
Vote "yes"—vote "yes," if never a stone
Is laid to better the village street,
Where safe from peril, and gay and sweet
The children come with their dancing feet.

OCTOBER.—THE SCORPION.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

A very little weight sometimes will turn
  A mighty balance, even of Life and Death,
What pains and perils, we may never learn,
  Have passed us in the drawing of a breath.

* * * * * * *

Within an Eastern forest, far away,
  Where heavy odors filled the languid air,
And giant boughs with mossy draperies gray
  Shut greenly out the burning noonday glare.

Beneath the silent, overhanging trees,
  Where motionless the shadows lay and deep.
His fair limbs pillowed on the moss at ease,
  A drowsy boy had thrown himself to sleep.

His gathered store of ferns and blossoms pied
  Lay dropped beside his rosy open palm.
The song upon his lips had scarcely died
  When slumber hushed them into smiling calm.

So slept he softly while an hour went by,
  Nor guessed that danger lurked within the wild,
But dreamed of dew and rain and clouded sky
  And freshly breathing winds, and dreaming, smiled.

The silent yellow sunshine sifted down
  And touched the quiet face with wavering sheen.
A single knot of ferns and grasses brown
  The glad young life and eager Death between.

A noise that sharply broke the silent deep—
  A nut jarred down by squirrels in their play—
The boy sprang, bright-eyed, from his happy sleep,
  Took up his song, and singing, went his way.

And through the tangled grass, where he had slept
  With sting upraised, a deadly Scorpion crept.

M
Scorpio.
October:

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SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.

EDWARD C. JONES.

The plan is fixed; I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate
Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell, my old renown!
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown;
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne; I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band,
And therefore to the strong I yield this heart and hand.
What else befits me? I have misapplied
The nation's funds, and ever gratified
Each vaulting wish, though justice wept the deed;
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry
Of creditors appease, and satisfy
Demands which haunt me more than dreams of blood,
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood?
Stay? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.
Go? And my path, though smooth, like Tartarus is dark.
These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.

Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, Washington!
And must the stronghold of his hope be won?
Won? Twenty thousand scarcely could
invest
That sure defence, which o'er the river's
breast
Casts a gigantic shadow; but my plan
Dispenses with the formidable van,
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,
With few sulphurous clouds to blot these
azure skies.
And yet a pang comes over me—I see
Myself at Saratoga; full and free
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men;
Among the wounded am I numbered then,
And my outgushing feelings cling to those
Who periled all to face their country's foes.
Ah! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,
And gratulation scarce its pæan ceascd,
I thought not then, oh, God! the stamp of
shame
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned fame.
Avaunt, compunction! Conscience to the
wind!
Gold, gold I need—gold must Sir Henry find!
A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I
Commander of their forces? To the sky
Ever goes up the peal for Washington.
Is he a god, Virginia's favored son?
Why should the incense fume forevermore?
Must he my skill, my prowess shadow o'er?
Ere this autumnal moon has filled his horn,
His honors must be nipped, his rising glories
shorn.

Ah! he securely rests upon my faith—
Securely, when the specter dims his path!
How unsuspecting has he ever been;
Above the false, the sinister, the mean!
But hold such eulogy—I will not praise;
Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.
West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say,
Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,
Blot Saratoga, hearth and home abjure,
Andre I meet again—the gold I must secure.

THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day, been to a
stylish one;
And seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you
what was done.
You would have been surprised to see what I saw
there to-day,
The sisters were fixed up so fine, they hardly
bowed to pray.
I had on these coarse clothes of mine,
Not much the worse for wear;
But then they knew I wasn't one they call a
millionare,
So they led the old man to a seat, away back by
the door,
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, reserved there
for the poor!
Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring
and clothing fine,

They led him to a cushioned seat, far in advance of mine;
I thought that wan't exactly right, to set him up so near,
When he was young and I was old, and very hard to hear!
I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
So through the hour of service, I could only "watch and pray."
Watch the doin's of the Christians, sitting near me round about,
Pray that God would make them pure within, as they were pure without.
While I sat there looking all around upon the rich and great,
I kept thinking of the rich man, and the beggar at the gate;
How by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.
How at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight
From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night.
There he learned as he stood gazing at the beggar in the sky,
"It isn't all of life to live, or all of death to die."
I doubt not there were wealthy sires, in that religious fold,
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old.
Then returned home from their worship, with their heads uplifted high.
To spurn the hungry from their door, with naught to satisfy.

Out, out, with such professions! they are doing
more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's shining
way
Than all the books of infidels, than all that has been
tried
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem, since Christ
was crucified.
I'm old, I may be childish, but I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin' in a Christian piety;
Jesus told us in his sermons, on Judea's mountain
wild,
He that wants to go to heaven, must be as a little
child.
Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts
are beating low;
In a little while the Master will call for us to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in
with joyful eyes
We'll see no stylish worship, in the temple in the
skies.

NOVEMBER. THE ARCHER.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

O, blithely over the hills he came,
His yellow locks they shone like flame,
  Upon the north wind streaming.
Across his stalwart shoulders slung,
His bow and quiver lightly swung,
  With frost of jewels gleaming.

He stepped into the circle green,
The Archers shot with arrows keen,
  Their skill and valor trying.
The slender youths with sparkling eyes,
Strained nerve and will to gain the prize,
  Each with the other vying.

Then sprang the Archer from his place,
A smile upon his glowing face,
  His bright locks backward flinging.
He bent his flexile bow with care,
His arrows cleft the dazzled air,
  With shrill, incessant singing.

They smote the leaves from off the trees,
Their rushing raised a mighty breeze,
  That drove the clouds a-flying;
Their feathers floated white and dun,
And made a mist before the sun
  In windy splendor dying.

His bow-string snapped. In mute amaze,
The Archers followed with their gaze,
  As, in a bright derision,
His ringing laughter echoing shrill,
He bounded backward toward the hill,
  And vanished from their vision.

SAGITTARIUS.

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THANKSGIVING IN YE OLDEN TIME.

A life more happy seemed to fill
  The homestead 'neath the sheltering hill;
A gentle stir of winds at play,
  That kept in mind Thanksgiving Day.
Upon the roof-tree sloping down,
  Of late had come, a glistening crown
Of snow, and dropped beneath the eaves,
  The woodbines red, and withered leaves.

And thus the homestead peaceful stood
  Amidst November quietude.
Inside, the housewife plied her art
  With busy hand, and anxious heart;
For three whole days, a conflict dire
  Is waged 'twixt eatables and fire.
Still does the crane not cease to groan,
  Still does the oven hold its own.

Now, conscious of her skill and might,
  The house-dame with her skirts drawn tight,
And cap askew, with flying strings,
  The closet fills with dainty things.
The children peep with eyes aglow
  To see her place the pies in row,
And steal to get with smack and sniff,
  Of steaming conserves, just a whiff.

The day has come! The blushing morn
  Now hears the lumbering stage-coach horn

That 'mid the echoings of the hills,
The homestead with a tremor fills.
First at the door, the grandsire gray
Puts forth his staff, his steps to stay;
The toddler, prattling at his knee
Thrusts forth his head, the coach to see.

The stalwart son, who bides at home
Into the doorway too, has come;
His wife and baby now appear,
Hark! 'tis the sound of wheels they hear.
The stage at last, with stately sweep,
Comes round the curve, and from it leap
The city sons who left the farm,
And join the group with greeting warm.

Quick bounding at the prick of goad
A pillioned nag trots up the road,
And pausing at the humble stoop
Adds two new comers to the group.
The meeting house looms white and bare
High on the hill, above them there.
And in its steeple thumps and sways
The bell that calls to prayer and praise.

The feast, at last! The grace is said,
And up bobs every eager head.
And bright eyes, like some greedy power,
Go seeking what they may devour.
The turkey at the feast is lost,
The chickens get their drum sticks crossed.
And empty plates just filled with pies
The good wife marks with smiling eyes.
Each finds his limit reached at last;
The apples come, the nuts are passed.
The mugs of cider, brimming stand,
And jokes fly round on every hand.

So goes the day till evening comes,
And on the hob the kettle hums;
The roasting apple puffs its cheek,
And children play at hide-and-seek.
Perhaps this day, in years to come
May find them wanderers from home.
And with joy-haunting memories cheer
The shadows of that changeful year.

COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night, and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Give them the meed they have won in the past
Give them the honors their future forecast,
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die;
Hearts that have yearned for the home far away.
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now those great spirits are soaring above.
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found there a grave.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away;
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day.
They who on mountain, and hillside, and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass blade creeps round their repose,
Sweetly above them the wild floweret blows,
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When at the angels' loud trumpet and tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,
When the great world its last judgment awaits,
Then the blue sky shall fling open its gates,
And the long columns march solemnly through;
Blessings for garlands shall cover them o'er,
Fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers,
Cover them over, these brothers of ours,
Cover them all with beautiful flowers.

DECEMBER—THE SEA GOAT.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

He butted back with angry horns
The waves that broke against his side,
He lashed them with his glistening tail,
Until there blew a mighty gale;
Tumultuous rose the tide.
The sea plants shut their trembling leaves,
The fishes fled to nooks remote,
And every creature shook to hear
The raging of the angry Goat.

With broken wings, a hapless ship
Did roll beneath the wintry sky;
To stormy wind and boisterous main,
The faithful mariners in vain
Sent out a piteous cry;

December
CAPRICORNUS

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Old Neptune thundered from his throne,
And Triton blew a warning note ;
With plunging hoofs and furious horns,
Still in the tempest raged the Goat.

Then from her cave, a pale sea-maid,
With green and gleaming locks, did glide,
And crossing on her breast her hands,
All whiter than the white sea-sands,
Went singing down the tide.
O crystal clear the liquid strain
That rippled from her silver throat—
The melody that lulled the waves
And hushed the fury of the Goat.

Oh, blithely sailed the happy ships ;
And oh, a blithe and merry tune,
While soft the sea-maid's music rang,
The happy mariners they sang
Beneath the wintry moon ;
The glimmering fishes circled near ,
The blossoms waved like flames afloat ;
The sea-maid, laughing, bound her hair
Serenely by the sleeping Goat.

ONLY AN EMIGRANT.

Only an emigrant lying there
  On the rock-bound coast of Halifax bay,
With the salt sea damp on his yellow hair,
  And his face aghast in death's dismay!
Only an emigrant! One of five hundred;
Hurled to his doom when some one blundered.

When the rich go down we may reckon the cost!
  And value their lives and what they are worth;
But who will weep for the emigrant lost—
  This clod of clay that cumbered the earth?
Drive the nails in his coffin-lid:
And let his corpse from our sight be hid.

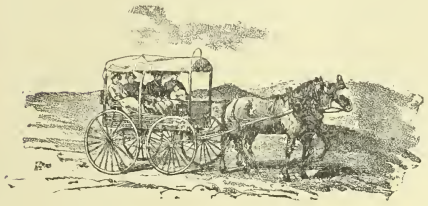
But list, I pray. Leagues on leagues away,
  In a turf-thatched hut on the Irish shore,
There are human hearts which are breaking to-day;
  And bright hopes dashed for evermore,
And eyes half blinded with passionate tears,
And the dreary outlook of desolate years.

Only an emigrant lying there,
  Lifeless and mute in Halifax bay,
But his soul was strong and his skies were fair
  When he left his home—a month to-day.
He fondled his child and kissed his wife
Ere he sought new scenes in the battle of life

Brawny his hands and brave his heart,
  And firm his belief that the hour would come
When those with whom he dreaded to part
  Should join him again in a western home,
Hopeful and happy and rich, and free,
In a better land beyond the sea.

Only an emigrant's family there
In the Irish home where the news has sped,
But the terrible look of utter despair
Makes the face of the living as sad as the dead;
For the light of their lives went out that day,
When the ship struck the rocks in Halifax bay.

Only an emigrant lying there,
With his parted lips grown ashen gray,
With the sea damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay!
O merciful God! take his soul to thee,
In the better land beyond the sea.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Four of us out in the meadow,
  Four of us under a tree;
Here's faithful Flo, her playmate Beau,
  And my violin, and me.

We are the two performers—
  They are the waiting crowd;
And they sit and stare, with so grave an air,
  I could almost laugh aloud.

You really ought to watch them
  While the tuning-up takes place!
Oh, the dismal howls and indignant growls—
  The misery on each face!

My best tunes scarcely please them,
  Though I play rather well—for me;
But they love me so, they would scorn to go,
  And leave me alone, you see.

Birds above in the branches
  Listen and catch the tone;
Then away they thrill with a sound so shrill
  That it nearly drowns my own.

They care not who is playing,
  Those happy birds in the tree:
But faithful Flo and her playmate Beau
  Listen for love of me!

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

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THE ENGINEER.

Trust to dreams, Bill?
I do! Foolish—still,
Do you mind that culvert—number eight?
I dreamt the train was there,
Dusting it, too. I'll swear!—
We were more'n twenty minutes late!

Right on the edge
Of that trussle bridge
I saw my little pet gal, little Jane!—
She's the very one that's dead,
But I saw her—her head
And her blue eyes—just as plain as plain!

All of a sweat
I whistled brakes, you bet!
But she never smiled or spoke!
She floated to me quick,
Kissed me on the cheek,
And vanished then!—Then I woke.

Say what you will,
Dreams have their meaning, Bill.
Pardner, if I should go up, tell my wife—
God! the culvert—gone!
Jump, Bill! I'll hold on
To the brakes here! Save your life!

Can't get me loose,
Friends—it's no use!
'Twon't be long, though—let me lay.
I'm easy so, when still.
Somebody's call—ah, here's Bill!
Don't fret, pardner—I had to go this way.

Nobody hurt but me?
That's good! Bill, you'll see
The old woman? Tell her, don't complain.
There's money in the bank—
She's other things to be thank—
Ah! stoop down. Kiss your father, little Jane.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled;
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep in the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
Each with the battle blood gory
In the dust of Eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go;
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall;
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Bordered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest, and field of grain;
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drops of rain.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding
The generous deed was done
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Nor the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

I thought when I had learned my letters
That all my troubles were o'er;
But I find myself mistaken;
They have only just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
  But nothing like learning to write.
I'd be sorry to have you know it—
  But my copy book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers,
  The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it,
  The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down all over
  As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes—
  Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
  The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and q's and the h's,

LEARNING TO READ WAS AWFUL.

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Though I've certainly tried, and tried
To make them look just right. It is dreadful!
I really don't know what to do;
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books waiting
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and oh! dear me!
There's no good place for stopping
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain-tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time.
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;—
If that's so, where's my pen?

THEY SAY.

"They say," ah well; suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicions may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say, but why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;

And is it not a better plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say! well, if it should be true,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will that the erring one restore
Henceforth, to "go and sin no more"?

They say! Oh! pause and look within,
See how the heart inclines to sin.
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou too, should sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail—weep o'er the fall;
But speak the good, or not at all.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet Memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realm.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung
Or artist's delicate pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where Memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed

'TIS BEAUTEOUS NIGHT.

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In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear, departed ones; yet in that land
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
As first they did before the prison-tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their somber shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues. Their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf

And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summits where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light, in sunshine and in gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

THE DECORATING MANIA.

Charles and his city wife came home
  About Thanksgiving day ;
She's a smart gal an' all for style,
  And style ain't much my way.
She looked about our sitting-room
  (I own it's sort o' bare),
And said she soon could give our house
  A fashionable air.

"You needn't purchase things," says she
  With a superior smile,
"I'll use your common household goods,
  For them are all the style."
And with a little gilt and such,
  She fixed us up so fine,
That when I looked about the house
  I hardly knew 'twas mine.

Well! pa and me, at first were pleased
  But pa soon cried in wrath,
"Where is the old snow-shovel gone?
  I want to make a path."
And there it was a' painted up
  With many a bud and rose,
And hanging on the parlor wall
  By sky-blue ribbon bows.

And soon it was my turn to fret
When ironing day came round ;
I had two favorite flatirons,
But only one I found.
I went into the sitting-room
And there I found the mate
All gilded up to look like gold,
And made a paper-weight.

And when pa bought a steak, I found
Of broiler I had lack ;
The gridron was fixed to be
A fine newspaper rack.
And all the tins for jelly-cake
Had been well washed from grease,
And painted up like plaques, to stand
Upon the mantel-piece.

But when pa found his old arm-chair
That hugged the kitchen fire,
A' painted white, and hung with bows,
The way some folks admire.
And standing in the sitting-room,
Too nice and fine to use,
He said that fashionable styles
He henceforth should refuse.

So pa and me we both agreed
That fashion hadn't paid,
And that we'd use our common things
For what they most seemed made.
So down came shovels, down came pans,
And off came every bow,
And things are now more comfortable,
If not so much for show.

THE RAIN-WAGON.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

The air was hushed and breathless,
The day had been very warm,
And a heavy black cloud in the West
Threatened a thunder-storm.
We could hear the terrible rumble
And roar as the thunder burst;
And Teddy was grave, and left his play,
Afraid from the very first.

At last down came the shower
In a full flood from the sky,
And the lightning dazzled us with its blaze
And Teddy began to cry.
"What is it" he asked, "that rattles
So dreadfully overhead?"
"The rain-wagon, going over a bridge,"
The little nurse-girl said.
Ah, that was a pretty notion,
A wagon made of the rain,
Perhaps it ran on an iron track
As runs a railroad train.

And the sound that followed the lightning,
And echoed so far and loud,
Was only the roar of the wagon wheels
When it came to a bridge of cloud.
That comforted little Teddy;
He did not cry again;
But rather grew to like to hear
The wagon made of the rain.
Not all the truths of science
That the searching world has taught,
I am sure could have soothed that childish fear,
Like the nurse-girl's happy thought.

THE RAIN-WAGON.

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IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

Dead,
Are the blue and the gray ;
Dead,
And the terrible fray
Is ended.
Dead,
Are the shot and the shell ;
Dead,
Is the conflict they tell ;
And splendid
The deeds of the men who died
For opinion, crucified.
Dead,
Are the gray and the blue ;
Dead,
Are the false and the true :
Dead,
Are the brothers, who fought ;
Dead
In the cause each one thought
Was right ;
Dead,
And the night
Of the past is gone,
And the radiant dawn
Of peace
Has broken along the line
Of the hills, and the glad sunshine
Of the newer day—of war's surcease,
Has flooded the earth with glory,
And the story
Is told
In the flowers we bring ;

In the fold
Of the grand old
Flag as we fling
It out to the breeze,
Today, among the trees,
Which wave
Above the brave,
Who sleep beneath
The laurel wreath,
The sweet June rose, the blue hare bell,
The cypress and the asphodel.
Dead,
And with these sons have died
Sectional hate and the pride
Which killed.
And stilled
Is all save a country unified.

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

ALICE ROBBINS.

"Well? yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee! so-so, for my time o' life:
I 'm pretty gray, and bent with pains that cut my nerves like a knife;
The winters bear hard upon me; the summers scorch me sore;
I 'm sort o' weary of all the world: and I'm only turned threescore.

"My old father is ninety, and as hearty as a buck:
You won't find many men of his age so full of vigor and pluck.

He felled the first tree cut in the place, and laid
the first log down;
And living an honest, temperate life, he's the head
man of the town.

"But you see, when I was twenty or so, I wanted
to go to the city;
And I got with a wild set over there, that were
neither wise nor witty,
And so I laid the foundation, sir, of what you see
to-day,—
Old little past the prime of life, and a general wast-
ing away.

"'T ain't a natural fever, this, sir; it 's one no
doctor can cure.
I was made to bear strong burdens, ox-like and
slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures, though I had
been a Christian bred,
I lived for self, sir, and here 's the end—crawling
about half dead!

"Well, well! 't won't do to think on 't. I try to
forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves, my
wreck of body and brain,
Only, I saw you drinking, just now,—drinking that
devil's drain;
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
and gone by the fastest train.

"You don't like my blunt speech, mebbe; well,
'tis n't the nicest out;
Only, when a man's looked over the brink, he
knows what he's talking about;

And if, with his eyes wide open, he 's walked
straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God has turned
his glory to shame,

"Then, when he says there 's a drunkard's hell,
you'd better believe it's true.
I've fought with the devil hand to hand, and tested
him through and through.
We know, who 've bartered body and soul, what
body and soul are worth;
And there 's nothing like to a drunkard's woe in
all God's beautiful earth.

"Wife, children! Haven't I had them? Yes!
no man has had sweeter than I;
But children and wife are dead and dust—why,
what could they do but die?
Don't ask me to tell you of them, because it blots
out God's mercy even;
And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
that my sin can be forgiven.

"I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk to drift
into harbor safe,
And I feel sometimes, with my threescore years,
like a hopeless, homeless waif.
But there 's one thing certain; I've overcome, and
I 'll fight while I draw a breath,
When I see a fine young fellow like you going
down to the gates of death.

"You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal? I
laughed in a young man's glee;
But God forbid, if you reach threescore, you
should be a wreck like me!"

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MY HEN AND I.

MY HEN AND I.

Look what my dear old hen's been after !
  At home, in a queer old cattle-shed,
She used to "lay" on a broken rafter,
  Up in the roof above my head.

But now on the deck, quite proud and quiet,
  She sits in a basket filled with straw ;
And, just to improve our salt meat diet,
  Lays the prettiest eggs that you ever saw.

We're only "steerage," but I've been saying
  The "first-class" haven't a hen like mine ;
She's a beautiful hen, and so good for "laying"—
  Why, the very first week she laid me nine !

On a long sea voyage in misty weather
  It's rather tiring sometimes, you see ;
But we're very good company together—
  I talk to her and she clucks to me.

We talk of the dear old home behind us,
  And the strange new country we're going to ;
Nobody seems in the least to mind us,
  What we are saying or what we do.

Father is dead, and so is mother,
  And Bridget is married across the sea :
Bridget's my sister--I have no other—
  And so she has sent for my hen and me.

A. M.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[MARK LEMON TO LONDON PUNCH.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier.
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes! He had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How iron-like his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do;
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil;
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it. Four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest--
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When the vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life cut short, just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

IDYL OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Ram it in, cram it in—
    Children's heads are hollow ;
Slam it in, jam it in—
    Still there's more to follow ;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Botany, geometry,
Greek, and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
    Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
    What are teachers paid for ?
Bang it in, slap it in—
    What are children made for ?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
    Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
    All that they can swallow ;
Fold it in, hold it in,
    Still there's more to follow ;
Faces pinched, and sad and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
    When their heads were hollow.

MATERNITY.

E. HARRIET HOWE.

God gave me children, so He fed, in part,
The quenchless longings of a loving heart ;
And taught me how to love, and He doth choose
My loved for me, and so I never lose ;
And, for my children, O what love divine
This dear pre-natal pledge, "They shall be mine !"
Thrilling my soul with life inspiring flame ;
Twin born with Love, so all my children came.

When near my heart their first faint pulses beat,
It seemed an angel spoke a secret sweet,
With a strange meaning other words above
To fit my girlish heart for mother love ;
Trembling at thought of life's great mystery
My timid soul His way alone would see :
Alone, and kneeling in the twilight dim,
The asked of God, I gave again to Him.

I even dared to pray, so bold I grew,
That He would keep me to my trust as true,
As His own Virgin Mother when she bare,
The Incarnate Life beneath her bosom fair ;
And often through those waiting days there came,
Dear thoughts of Him who bore the sweetest name,
Who made for us the badge of motherhood—
The deepest sorrow, and the highest good.

I leaned by day upon His promise strong,
And heard by night the angels' cradle song.
And looking ever in His tender face,
Could say, "Thou knowest it is all of grace !"
So, in the promise of His love I rest,
Since faith will always say, "He knoweth best."
And trust my flock shall gathered be at last,
Safe in the fold above, when life is past.

GOD GAVE ME CHILDREN.

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LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(*Abridged.*)

All is finished, and at length has come the bridal day of beauty and of strength! To-day the vessel shall be launched! with fleecy clouds the sky is blanched; and o'er the bay, slowly, in all his splendors dight, the great sun rises to behold the sight. The ocean old, centuries old, strong as youth and as uncontrolled, paces restless to and fro, up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest; and, far and wide, with ceaseless flow, his beard of snow heaves with the heaving of his breast. He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands, with her foot upon the sands, decked with flags and streamers gay, in honor of her marriage day; her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending, round her like a veil descending, ready to be the bride of the gray old sea.

Then the master, with a gesture of command, waved his hand; and at the word, loud and sudden there was heard, all around them and below, the sound of hammers, blow on blow, knocking away the shores and spurs. And see! she stirs! she starts! she moves! she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel! and, spurning with her foot the ground, with one exulting, joyous bound, she leaps into the ocean's arms. And lo! from the assembled crowd there rose a shout prolonged and loud, that to the ocean seemed to say, "Take her, O bridegroom old and gray! take her to thy protecting arms, with all her youth and all her charms!" Sail forth into the sea, O ship! Through wind and wave, right onward steer; the moistened eye,

the trembling lip are not the signs of doubt or fear!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity, with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, what workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, who made each mast and sail and rope, what anvils rang, what hammers beat, in what a forge, and what a heat, were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'tis of the wave, and not the rock; 'tis but the flapping of the sail, and not a rent made by the gale. In spite of rock and tempest roar, in spite of false lights on the shore, sail on! nor fear to breast the sea; our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee! Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears, are all with thee! are all with thee!

THE TIN BUCKET AND THE WILLOW BASKET BRIGADE.

Have you seen as I have seen in the early morning gray
Ere the sunbeams riped the mountain tops,
The workman on his way,
To his busy scenes of labor, with trowel, or with spade?
He's one of Heaven's nobility, and belongs to the brigade.

While the merchant in his palace, in dreams gloats o'er his gold,
While the loafer in the market house, lies slumbering in the cold,

Our hero with his bucket bright, goes whistling to
his trade.
God bless him! and all the noble men who belong
to the brigade.

Then in the early morning gray, when laggards lie
in bed,
The maid with basket on her arm, goes forth to
earn her bread;
Her modest mein commands respect, though in
calico arrayed,
What a noble wife she'll make for him who belongs
to the brigade.

God bless the honest sons of toil who with the lark
arise,
And hasten to their labor, ere the sun illume the skies;
God bless the modest maidens all, who ply their
daily trade,
If I were hunting for a wife, it would be in this
brigade.

BABY AND I.

ELIZABERH B. BOHAN.

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
Our boat is nearing the shore ;
His head is at rest on my loving breast,
We list to the dipping oar.
Shall we land together
In the dreamland heather,
O baby, with soft eyes of blue ?
Shall we roam the meadows
And play with the shadows ?
Sleep darling, I'm waiting for you.

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
How white are the dreamland sheep,
How purple the hills, how blue are the rills !
O, hasten, my darling to sleep.
The birds—how delightful,
O, sleep, a whole nightful,
They want you—the birds and the flowers,
And the gay bntterflies
They will dazzle your eyes
When you enter the dreamland bowers.

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
O, cool and calm is the night ;
His rosy lips coo, his breath, sweetest dew,
Fills my heart with love and light,
O, soft is the pillow,
And playful the billow
That rocks us to dreamland, my own.
Are little feet ready ?
Then steady—there—steady,
Thy mother must still land alone.

O BABY WITH SOFT EYES OF BLUE.

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BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE LARK.

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

Sweet Bessie Bronner, an heiress, and pet,
The pride of her home, and the queen of her set,
Has a frown on her face, and is restless, and vexed,
At the hold on her mind, of one troublesome text,
And impatient, she peers through the big window pane
In the deepening dusk, as she murmurs again :
" 'Inasmuch as ye did it not'—pshaw, what have I
To do with 'these little ones,' of the Most High !

" Perhaps," still she muses, " some poor little one
Dreams to-night of a Santa, who never will come ;
What a lark it would be—if I only DID dare "—
Here her eyes flash as bright as the gems in her hair,
As with quick resolution she rings for old Jim,
The tried, faithful footman, the slave of her whim.
" Order the carriage, Jim, please, right away ;
Not one word of this, to any one say ;

" Get ready to follow me ; for you alone,
Shall be for one evening, my sole chaperon."

Then upstairs she runs, for her purse and her toque,
Over her evening dress, draws a warm cloak,
And then, to the "swell," who later should call
To accompany her to a holiday ball,
A very short note does she hastily pen :
"Shall be ready to fill my engagement at ten."

Then down to the city, through gay, brilliant streets,
Where her carriage is crammed with toys and sweets.
"Now, to Rag Muffin Quarter ;" and old Jim, aghast,
Protesting in vain, gives the order at last.
Our Bessie alights from her coach in the dark,
Her heart beating fast, at her venturesome lark,
And, followed by Jim with his arms full of toys,
She climbs an old stair, guided up by the noise.

Tossing her cloak and cap on the floor,
She timidly knocks at a half opened door,
Then enters the room ill-lighted and bare,
Appalled at the squalor, and poverty there ;
A half dozen children in silent surprise,
Stare at the lady, with wondering eyes.
Who was this creature in shimmering silk,
With glittering jewels, and skin white as milk ?

Their rapt admiration brings smiles to her face,
And she says—with a courtesy of old-fashioned grace—
"I am Santa Claus' wife, and it's now Christmas time :

Please accept these few toys with his love and mine."
Like the flash of a meteor, brilliant, and queer,
To dazzle a moment, and then disappear,
From one room to another speeds light-hearted Bess
With her quaint little bow and startling address,

Quick followed by laughter and shrieks of delight
As the dolls, guns and wagons are dragged into sight.
The last door is opened, and wond'ring Bess stands
With her gay greeting checked, and with close clasping hands.
On a cot in the corner, a wretched boy lies,
With fever-flushed face, and with wild, restless eyes.
Beside him, a little girl, haggard and old,
In the dim candle light ; and the room was so cold.

Then a voice broke the silence with pitiful ring :
"Oh, you are an angel, and so you can sing !
For two days and nights, Bennie's raved and he's cried
For the song that our mother sung 'way 'fore she died.
'Jesus lover'—he mutters, all day and night,
And he begs me to sing ; and I've tried with my might,
Bat I can't sing, for hunger, and pain in my head ;
And he won't go to sleep ; Oh, I wish we were dead !"

With a heart that was aching, and eyes that were dim,

Our Bess began singing the old gospel hymn :
"Jesus lover"—in beauty, the youthful voice rang,
And the lad watched, intently, her face while she sang.
Rough women and children out of the rooms pour,
And gather in silence, about Bennie's door ;
And hard-looking men from below leave their beer,
And stand around, wondering, such music to hear.

Perchance, some sin-burdened bosom is wrung,
As once more they hear it, "the song mother sung."
The old hymn is ended in silence most deep,
For poor restless Bennie had fallen asleep.
To the child, Bessie whispered, "Here's money my dear,
For food and for fire, and holiday cheer ;
My doctor—please God—shall save Bennie's life ;
Good-bye ; don't forget me—old Santa Claus' wife.—

And the girl, all unconscious of danger or harm,
With a fortune in gems on her white neck and arm,
Smiled up at her audience sweetly, and bowed,
As she passed safely out through the grim, silent crowd.
Bessie Bronner then went to her holiday ball,
And found there the lights, flowers, music and all ;
She was danced, wined, and flattered, and into her ear,
Was whispered soft nonsense she never did hear,
For the whole thing seemed vapid, insipid and mean,

And her mind wandered off to a different scene.

* * * * *

In the tenement house to this day are still rife,

Strange stories of Santa Claus' beautiful wife :
And the gay swells of fashion are puzzling yet,
What lost them the queen of their rollicking set :
For one taste of unselfishness, spoiled the gay girl,
For Fashion's caprices, and Revelry's whirl,
On that bright Christmas eve, in a Santa Claus role,
The butterfly girl found a woman's sweet soul.

DALTON, GA.

IS IT RIGHT?

"It is nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup they say is fraught with pain."
But it was something to her in after years
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread
And started to hear a staggering tread.

"It is nothing to me," the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
"I am busy to-day with tare and tret
And have no time to fume and fret."
But it was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre,
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"It is nothing to me," the mother said,
"I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame
And crush my heart, and darken his name."
But 'twas something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl,
A ruined body and sin-wrecked soul.

IT IS NOTHING TO ME.

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"It is nothing to me," the young man cried,
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride,
"I heed not the dreadful tales ye tell,
I can rule myself, I know full well."
But 'twas something to him when in prison he lay
A victim to drink, life ebbing away,
He thought of his wretched child and wife
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It is nothing to me," the voter said,
"The party's loss is my geatest dread;"
So he gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.
But 'twas something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread
And shuddered to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing for us to idly sleep,
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?
Is it nothing—yes, all for us to stand
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand,
And learn to labor, live and fight
For truth and justice and the right.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest;
Whither away?

Whither away, Blue-bird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest—
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from those who love thee best?
Whither away?

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day,

Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain, clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them as ye may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way.
Once the welcome light was broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men.
Aid it paper—aid it type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way!
Lo! a cloud about to vanish from the day
And a brazen wrong crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer, clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey,
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way!

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—

The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his
banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered sol-
dier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I
was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lun-
dy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to
fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief; "my brave
old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell
you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're
crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to-day."

"But General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his
brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are
traitors now!
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red,
white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that
drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good
old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them,
one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth
while to try;

I couldn't get the hang 'o them, but I'll keep my
powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—"God
bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to
have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each re-
bellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to
pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping vet-
eran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're
my guide;
And some you know, must bite the dust, and that,
at least, can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in
command
Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my
hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the
shell may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them
till I die!

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be
given,
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks
down from heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, Gen-
eral Wayne,— [Lundy's Lane!'
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

DISCONTENT.

Down in the fields one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who thought to hide herself—
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

The buttercups must always be
The same all-tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Altho' their gold is duller!

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you won't mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

DOWN IN THE FIELDS ONE DAY IN JUNE.

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"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown:
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Tho' swallows leave us out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would go all wrong
With one too many daisies!"

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing, as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pine fox-glove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more, till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"

WHERE THE GYPSIES GO.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

"Mamma, the sun went down too soon;
There are more things I want to hear."
"Look through the window. There's the moon,
This is the time to dream, I fear."
"But tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"I've told you all I know." "But it
Is ever so little! Tell me all
That other people know." "Come, sit
Here in the shelter of my shawl,
And let's guess where the gypsies go
When there's snow."

"I cannot guess." "Then how can I?
I only know they vanish quite
When the dark leaves go blowing by,
Somewhere, or somewhere, out of sight."
"But tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"My child, these gypsies seem to me
Brown, grown up fairies, that belong

Only to summer. It may be
They die out to some bird's last song"—
"Please tell me where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

"Well, there are barns with clover hay,
And lonesome lofts, where mice may creep;
For all I know, the gypsies may
Go—just where you should go—to sleep.
To sleep—that's where the gypsies go
When there is snow."

WHAT SANTA CLAUS THINKS.

Hi! another one! What's the world about?
Don't these people know that I am most worn out?
Millions of 'em coming year by year;
Every youngster wretched if I don't appear.

First they want a rattle, then a ring to bite;
Then a box of sugar plums, then a doll or kite;
Next a story book to read, then a bat and ball,
Santa's back is broad and strong, he must bring them all.

Gratitude they talk about; not a bit for me.
First you know they get so wise, cry out "Fiddle-de-dee."
No such chap as Santa Claus, can't deceive us so,
Never find a six inch sock hanging in the row.

Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week.
Don't I know he rules the house, though he looks so meek? [too,
Both his eyelids shut up tight, mouth wide open,
S'pose he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do?

Sleep away my little man, trouble comes with years,
You are bound to get your share in this vale of tears.
Rattle, is it? Well, all right! Yes, I've got my pen,
Finish out your precious nap, and I'll be round again.

MY MERCIES.

I'm summin' up my mercies, Bess,
That's come to me this year,
How much I have to thank Him for,
How little cause to fear.
Now first an' foremost in the start,
My faith was rather lean;
I tried to stand in my own strength,
An' then my heart wa'nt clean.

I tried to put myself to rights
By doin' of good works,
Just like the old Crusaders did,
Who went to fight the Turks.
I tried to make myself believe
That I was doin' right;
So every mornin' charged myself,
An' credit give each night.

I kep' my book, the Lord kep' His,
Till a'ter a while you see,
The Lord, He showed me His account,
I found they didn't agree.
I found the cred'ts I'd give myself,
He'd charged the same to me,
Makin' me owe Him twice as much
'S ever I thought 't would be.

I'M SUMMING UP MY MERCIES.

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But the parson set me thinkin';
He preached from where it saith,
(The word was full of spirit,)
"By grace ye're saved through faith."
He said, "you must b'lieve wi' the doin';"
Though slow to grasp the word,
I'd made a mistake an' knew it,
So brought my case t' the Lord.

I've since been givin' an' doin',
The best year of my life,
I live at peace with my Maker,
He keeps me from all strife.
My barns have increased with plenty,
I've lost no cows nor sheep;
I'm trustin' Him, the Good Shepherd,
Who watches while we sleep.

I've had more to give the Lord, Bess,
Than e'er I had before;
But I first had to give myself—
I wish it had been more.
He gave me husband an' children,
My home, all I possess;
All He asks in return for it—
A heart full o' thankfulness.

Now, Bess, the children are sleepin',
An' all the stock is fed;
Perhaps 't will be doin' us justice,
If we should go to bed.
Altho' I'm not rich like some folks,
I'm happy all the day;
The Lord is so rich in mercy—
Dear Bess, let's kneel an' pray.

MEN WANTED.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are sound to the heart's core.

Yes, men are wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who will give good counsel, who will set a good example, who will sympathize with the grieving, and succor the distressed. Men who will scorn to do a base thing even for a friend. Men who know how to obey before they undertake to command. Men who *do* more than they *talk*. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, to their enemies to gain them. Men who believe in systematic giving, and advocate it. Men whose hearts are moved by the sadness of others, who are touched by a hungry face, and cold, bare feet.

Yes, indeed, men are wanted. Men who are brave and tender, who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn-door,
That Luck might down upon him pour;
That every blessing known in life

Might crown his household and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astonished man,
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way

Next spring a great drouth baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the whooping-cough,
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined;
In short, it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,

To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,
The farmer brought it into view,
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among the grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
The cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marveled more and more
To see the increase in his store.
And now the merry farmer sings,
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Hang up your horseshoe the *right* way."

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WHO SENDS THE VALENTINE.

DISPROVED.

JULIA H. THAYER.

"Poh-poh! Who sends the valentine
In our refined, enlightened day?
Back to its pagan gloom consign
This worship at a worthless shrine,"
I heard the wise old cynic say.

"Youth has outgrown the childish toy,
The highly-colored heart and flowers
And Cupid's foolish darts employ
No more the nobler aim and joy
Of this exalted race of ours."

But softly 'mid the meerschaum's smoke
That circled his didactic head
A far, faint dream of life awoke,
And when the steel-blue cloudlets broke
A sun-like face its radiance shed.

The one, One face—the very same.
The years were gone—love *was* divine!
And to his cold, blanched lips there came
Again the blush of that dear name,
His first, last, only Valentine.

Alas! for us, so worldly-wise!
Like dead leaves, 'round us fade and fall
Our sophistries, in poor disguise,
While shapes we scarcely recognize
Remain the vernal things of all.

There is no unbelief. The heart
Of Truth beats strong, with master-stroke,
Above the dissonance of Art,
And theories that act a part
Are certain, too, to end in smoke.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

Young America has some very queer ways; one is the habit of calling certain of his relations, "the governor," "the old man," "the old woman," "her highness." Who are these people that he speaks of in such a would-be funny way? Why, they are the ones who have worked hard for years that he might have an easy time, who have worn blue jean and eaten johnny cake, that he might wear broadcloth and dine expensively. They are, of all people in the world, the ones whom he ought to delight to honor. They are his father and mother. What do you suppose is the reason he doesn't call them so? Perhaps it is because he is ashamed of them. Perhaps their grammar is a little crooked; well, it sounds better than his slang. Their manners may be a little stiff and old fashioned, but does his rowdyism make him appear any better? Ah! Master America, I fear you have some foolish notions in your head! I fear those notions are in the place where your common sense ought to be. I don't ask you to take any advice from me, but just be ready to tell why you are not proud of that trembling mother who has spent her strength in caring for you. If you do not cherish her in her declining years you are not worthy of the noble parents who so tenderly cared for you in your helpless infancy.

THE POWER OF MONOSYLLABLES.

J. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;

To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat.
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore throat, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine;
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
It serves far more than fight or storm can tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts;
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns; the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie.
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,

In thought or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES.

R. J. BURDETTE.

There are some unsolved mysteries in the problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell with a storeroom like a wholesale grocery, where I might have plenty of help in studying the problems of life. For often and often I wonder and wonder:

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why is it so wrong to eat pie with a knife?

What Washington said to General Lee at the battle of Monmouth?

Why a man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention?

What the State would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block, howling like a demon at every plunge?

Why "pure bear's oil" is cheaper when pork is away down?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "23 years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Whatever became of the "blue glass" remedy?

I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are the problems.

CRACKED.

'Twas a set of resolutions, as fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion, by Nettie, and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written, in letters broad and dark,
To look as grand as the others, Miss Baby Grace, her mark.

"We'll try always to help our mother;
We won't be selfish to each other;
We'll say kind words to every one,
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun,
We won't be cross and snarly too,
And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them," the children gladly cried.
But mamma smiled, as she answered, "Wait darlings, until you have tried."
And truly the glad New Year, wasn't his birthday old,
When three little sorrowful faces, a sorrowful story told.

"And how are your good resolutions?" we asked of
Baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder, on her dear little
dimpled face;
Quick came the merry answer, she never an instant
lacked,
"I don't fink much of 'ems broken;
But I dess 'ems about all cracked."

BY AND BY.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years, with glad intent;
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by.
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain;
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be elsewhere, by and by?"

WHAT WILL IT MATTER.

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What will it matter? Naught, if I
  Only am sure the way I've trod,
  Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
  If, in my fear of slip or fall,
  Closely I've clung to Christ through all;
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since he will smooth it by and by?

Ah! it will matter, by and by,
  Nothing but this—that joy or pain
  Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

Once on a summer day divine,
Two little hands fell into mine;
How pink they were! how frail and fine,
Each one a crumpled velvet ball,
So soft and so absurdly small,
Ah, me! to hold within them all
Life's tangled and mysterious skein,
The mingled threads of joy and pain
Whose hidden ends we seek in vain.

O! fast the years have fled away;
Two little hands, at work or play
Still bide with me the livelong day;
Now on some willful mischief bent,
And now to loving service lent,
Now folded—sleepy and content—
The dimpled fingers curled, like those
Sweet jealous leaves that cling and close
About the red heart of a rose.

I kissed them with a passionate sigh;
The quick fears spring, I scarce know why
In thinking of the by and by!
How will they build, these little hands?
Upon the treacherous, sifting sands?
Or, where the Rock Eternal stands?
And will they fashion, strong and true,
The work that they shall find to do!
Dear little hands, if I but knew!

Could I but see the veiled fate,
Behind your barred and hidden gate!
Yet trusting this, my love must wait!
O! when perplexed no more by these
Tear-blinded ways, my wanderings cease
In the sweet valleys of His peace;
Beyond the dark, some heavenly sign,
Some clew, however faint and fine
Shall guide these little hands to mine!

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough,
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh, and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the little black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud,
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd.
But from all the people round, came no sign of a reply,
Save the little black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,

Were long letters from the husbands, and the
fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant
to win or die,
And a silvery teardrop glistened in the corner of
her eye.

But the treasures, how to get them? crept the
question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes
they might find,
So she paused and pondered with a pretty little
sigh,
Then resolve shone through her features, and
shrewdness fired her eye.

As she confidently walked up to the wagon, old
and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she
sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy
was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him, from the corner
of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more if
you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay
for them," said she.
As she clambered on the wagon, minding not the
passers by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of
her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her
fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust
them underneath my shawl!

Carry back again this package, and be sure that
you are spry,"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner
of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing, at the
strange, ungirlish freak,
While the boy was scared and panting, and so
dazed he could not speak;
And, "Miss I have good apples," a bolder lad did
cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the
corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear
friends they would greet,
Searching those who hungered for them, swift she
glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing, that it does
not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle
in her eye.

TO THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

"Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Isa: xlvi. 4).

The light is dim in the western skies,
And dim the light in the aged eyes;
But the end of the chapter is so near,
And the truths of the chapter are so dear,
He must read to the close—till the light goes past,
And life has vanished from day at last.

And then with reverent hands he'll lay
The Book for a little while away;
And in the peace of his quiet room
Sit restfully thro' the twilight gloom,
Busy with thoughts that come and go,
Like flitting shadows, to and fro.

"Even to his old age," ah! yes,
He has proven its truth and tenderness;
He has known his Lord thro' his many years,
He has trusted his Lord thro' hopes and fears;
He has felt His strength from his youth till now,
When the hairs are "*hoar*" above his brow.

He has borne him safely thro' floods of woe,
He has made him daily His care to know,
And his faithful heart, in its humble trust,
Feels all He does to be wise and just;
For "*He will deliver*," come grief and pain,
And after the clouds send light again.

The dear Lord ruleth his life each day,
And now when cometh the twilight gray
He still will read with His tender eyes,
So long as there's light in the western skies,
To the end of the chapter; then His breast
Will give to the ransomed soul its rest.

TO THE END OF THE CHAPTER

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UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

WILL CARLETON.

'Twas not at all like those you see of ordinary men:
'Twas such as never could occur, excepting now and then;
For Uncle Nate nad studied hard upon it, night and day,
And planned it all—while yet alive—in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet tone,
"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details down,
For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail throughout the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best I knew,
To have a good large funeral, when this short life was through;
I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er the same,
Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came.
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been dead;

And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes to do—
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement through;

"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it thrown;
I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone,
Bring my old wagon, into which the children used to climb
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time;
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the freshest flowers;
And I would like to have them come, upon my burial day,
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the way.

"I want my friend the minister—the best of preacher folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed and wept, and swapped a thousand jokes—
To talk a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet, but strong;
And recollect, I don't believe in speeches overlong.
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and worth;
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.
I'd like two texts; and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,

And one from outside, that shall read, 'He did his level best.'

"And any one I've given help—to comfort or to save—
Just bring a flower, or sprig of grass, and throw it in the grave.
Please have a pleasant, social time round the subscriber's bier,
And no one but my enemies must shed a single tear.
You simply say, 'Old Uncle Nate,' whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all!
He's shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good, gilt-edged recommends!'"

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down;
When he was dead, they came to him from every house in town.
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but could not speak a word.
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mould his mound without the tear's sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in Heaven.

WHAT TRY DOES.

SPURGEON.

Of all the pretty little songs you have ever heard, that is one of the best which winds up—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

It is recommended to grown up people who are down in the mouth, and fancy that the best thing they can do is to give up. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. "We shall get through now," said Jack to Harry, as they finished up the pudding; and why not of other things? Everything new is hard work, but a little of the TRY ointment rubbed on the hand and worked into the heart makes all things easy.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try, and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said Try, and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of sight. The young lark said Try, and he found that his wings took him

SUMMER.

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over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said Try, and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plow, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

"By little strokes
Men fell great oaks."

By a spadeful at a time men dig out the cuttings, cut a big hole through the hill, and heap up the embankment, and the railroad cars spin along.

"The stone is hard, and the drop is small,
But a hole is made by the constant fall."

What man has done man can do, and what has never been may be. Plowmen have got to be gentlemen, cobblers have turned their lapstones into gold, and tailors have become Members of Parliament. Tuck up your shirt sleeves, young Hopeful, and go at it. Where there's a will there's a way. The sun shines for all the world. Believe in God, and stick to hard work, and see if the mountains are not removed. Faint heart never won fair lady. Cheer, boys, cheer; God helps them that help themselves. Never mind luck, that's what the fool had when he killed himself with eating suet pudding; the best luck in all the world is made of elbow grease.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat
Alone, her task pursuing;
She averaged this, and she averaged that
Of all that her class were doing.
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,

And so many girls all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what it all amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation,
And prepared a list of the graduates
For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower,
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades,
And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces,
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State House dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over,
But laborers digging, threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen wandering by,

Paused to look at the diggers,
And picking the skull up, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em"—
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum.
"It's a great curiosity, sure," says Pat,
"By the bones can you tell the creature?"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
Was a nineteenth century teacher."

THE CONSECRATING INFLUENCE OF THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let him sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all with life itself, into the scale of battle.

We began the war for the Union alone, but we had not gone far into its darkness before a new element was added to the conflict, which filled the army and the nation with cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that could not be misunderstood, the nation was taught that God had linked to our own the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were indeed "one and inseparable." It was this that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing as they went down to battle—

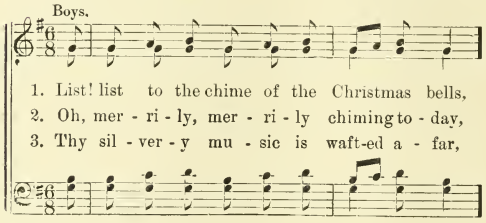
> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make man holy, let us die to make men free—
> While God is marching on."

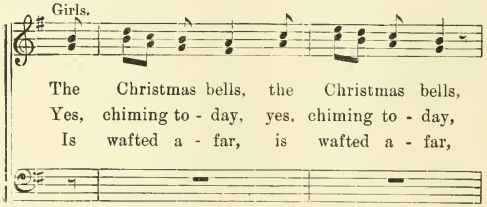
With such inspirations, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an incident, illustrative of this thought, which was my fortune to witness near sunset of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their number, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soldier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter." This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were these who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed at the life of their country. Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed!

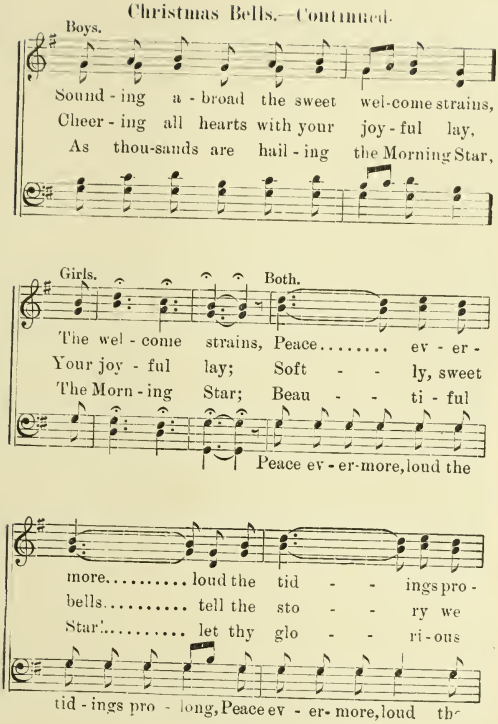
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

This Carol should be sung by the same number of little girls and boys, arranged in a semi-circle opposite each other. A large silver Star is suspended by a wire in the center of stage, and at the words, "*Thousands are hailing the Morning Star,*" the girls point with left hand to the Star, and boys with the right. As they sing, "*Beautiful Star! let thy glorious ray,*" all reverently kneel before the Star with clasped hands, and remain in that posture until close of the stanzas.

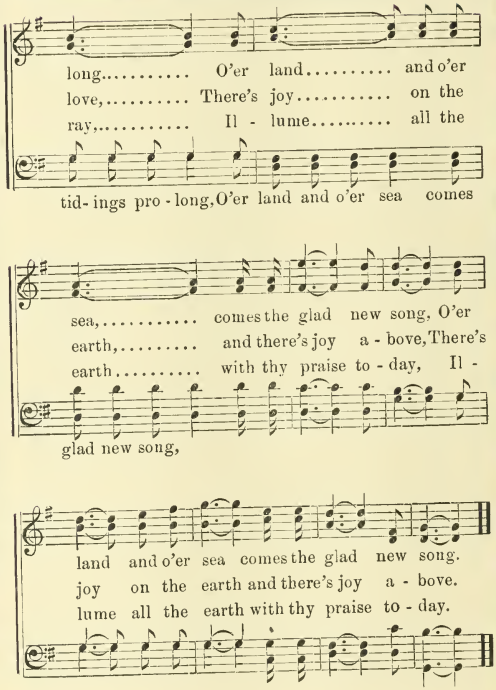
Mrs. Loula K. Rogers R. M. McIntosh.






Boys.
Sound - ing a - broad the sweet wel-come strains,
Cheer - ing all hearts with your joy - ful lay,
As thou-sands are hail - ing the Morning Star,
Girls.
Both.
The wel - come strains, Peace..... ev - er -
Your joy - ful lay; Soft - - ly, sweet
The Morn - ing Star; Beau - - ti - ful
Peace ev - er-more, loud the
more..... loud the tid - - ings pro -
bells..... tell the sto - - ry we
Star!..... let thy glo - - ri - ous
tid - ings pro - long, Peace ev - er- more, loud the

Christmas Bells—Concluded.



WINTER.

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THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(Illustrated Ballad.)

CHARACTERS.

THE BRIDE.—*White dress and veil, wreath, also a faded wreath.*

LOVELL.—*Knee-breeches of white paper cambric, coat faced with same, ruffled shirt, white cravat, white wig and beard for last scenes.*

THE BARON,
FOUR GENTLEMEN *or* BOYS, } *same as* LOVELL, *excepting bright-colored breeches and facings.*

FOUR LADIES *or* GIRLS.—*Silk train dresses, powdered hair.*

THE BARONESS.—*Black dress in same style.*

SIX LITTLE CHILDREN *in ordinary dress.*

PROPERTIES.—*One table, one chair, two boxes. Front, side and lid of chest, four and one-half feet long, two and one-half high; the lid is hinged, as usual, to the back; the four sides of the chest are not nailed together, but merely held together by hooks and eyes at each corner inside. The sides must be unhooked for the last scene to allow the chest to fall to pieces.*

At rise of curtain the bride and Lovell stand in center of stage at back, the baron and baroness at the left hand of Lovell. The others stand in two lines at side, gentlemen at right hand of partners. They dance as follows: Head couple for-

ward and back, sides forward and back twice and bow, grand right and left. The pianist must play the melody, and as the bride and Lovell meet at head of the stage, the singer must twice sing the chorus, "O, the Mistletoe Bough." At the word "bough," the couples join right hands and bow, first to partner, then to opposites, in exact time with music. The song then begins, the same dance coming in as marked.

The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.

LOVELL *leads his* BRIDE *forward and points up.*
They go backward to place, he points to sides of stage.
Sides forward and back, bow, and begin the dance, which goes on as above.

(*Dance.*)

The baron beheld with a father's *pride*,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company,

LOVELL *leads* BRIDE *to* BARON, *who salutes her; he then leads her to center of stage and puts a ring upon her finger.*
They look tenderly at each other, and remain in center, hand in hand, until chorus, when they bow first to each other, then to sides.

CHORUS.

O, the Mistletoe bough!
O, the Mistletoe bough!

All bow as before.

(*Dance.*)

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began

BRIDE *comes forward, stretches out her hands wearily, places left hand on* LOVELL'S *shoulder, who also comes forward; she points over her shoulder and runs off at the right. Dancers cross and go out.*

Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, " O where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
O, the Mistletoe bough !

LOVELL *expresses despair.* BARONESS *comes forward, places her right hand on his shoulder. They salute each other, then bow to audience at chorus.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*Chest in center, table tipped over at right of stage, chair on floor at left. The melody is played.* BRIDE *enters hastily; first hides behind the table, then decides to enter chest, draws up chair and steps in. The chorus is then sung, and the* BRIDE *lets the lid fall heavily at last note.*

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.

The dancers enter slowly, pause a moment, then cross and exit.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—CHILDREN *are playing " Thread the Needle," in time to the melody ; they stop suddenly, two of them point to right of stage.*

And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
" See ! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
O, the Mistletoe bough !

LOVELL *appears at right, dressed as an old man, and crosses the stage slowly.*

He bows his head and weeps, then salutes the CHILDREN, *who bow to him and then to audience.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE IV.—*Same as* SCENE III., *except that the chest is unhooked at corners, and the faded wreath inside.*

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay moldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !

Old man slowly enters, and attempts to raise the lid, pushes the right corner and chest falls. He holds up the wreath with trembling fingers. Gazes with horror on the chest. Turns to audience and points toward it. He kneels, and at last note of

O, sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring! and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
O, the Mistletoe bough!

chorus falls on ruins of the chest.

[*Curtain falls.*

ZEKLE'S COURTSHIP.

[Illustrated Ballad.]

CHARACTERS.

FIVE MALES. FOUR FEMALES.

Back of the stage are two screens, forming wall. On one of these are bright tins; to the other is attached a wooden fire-frame and hearth, with iron andirons, laid with skillfully painted logs; behind is a small lamp, in red glass bowl. On the fire-frame stands a bright lamp, and above it hangs a rusty musket, and a couple of crook-neck squashes. Upon this side is an entrance, with braided door mat, and near by, a chair for Zekle to play with when he "loiters on the mat." Across the room sits Huldah, in a simple, old fashioned white gown. She is peeling apples out of a large tin pan upon the table, into an earthen bowl, held in her lap, one foot upon a stool; tallow candle on table. This play requires four assistants who do not act, and who must be thoroughly acquainted with their duties. Their positions, and the positions of all the actors, must be assigned before the curtain rises. There is a narrow curtain, which slides upon a rod at the side of the stage next Huldah, and behind her is the entrance into this room. Here stands Huldah's ma, "a-sprinklin' clothes agin to-morrer's

i'nin'." Hair "pugged up" behind, short gown, skimp skirt; basket of clothes and tin basin before her, and in the basket the white crape shawl and straw hat, trimmed with huge white satin bows, which Huldah has on in the last tableau. In the front grooves are two screens, representing outside of house. In one of these is a window, with turkey-red curtains, exactly opposite the kerosene lamp on fire-frame, which sends a bright light through the ruddy curtains; against the house a breadth of white cloth is "rucked" up, so as to look like drifted snow, and another breadth, laid smooth, represents a hard-beaten path. All the costumes used should be carefully copied from old plates, unless real antique suits can be obtained. A good reader delivers the poem in a slow and emphatic manner, carefully timing his rendition to the arrangement of the various tableaux. The curtain rises upon the outside of a farmhouse on a moonlight night. Everything "white and still." Footlights turned down.
Reader.—

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you kin look or listen ;
Moonshine an' snow, on field an' hill,
All silence, an' all glisten.

[*Enter Zekle. Walks slowly across stage, and "peeks in thru' the winder."*]
Reader.—

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder ;
An' there sot Huldy, all alone,
With no one nigh to hinder.

TABLEAU I.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in,
There warn't no stoves (till comfort died),
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles on
  Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crook-necks hung,
  An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm that Gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord, busted.

The very room, cos she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin':

'Twas kin' o' kingdom come to look
  On sech a blessed creetur,
A dog-rose blushin' by a brook,
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

[*Zekle straightens, and clears his throat.*]

He was six foot o' man, A1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

[*Zekle turns toward audience, throws back shoulders, and scratches back of head, pitching hat over eyes.*]

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em;
Fust this one, an' then that, by spells,
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly, like curled maple.

[*Exit Zekle, whistling softly.*]

The side she breshed felt full o' the sun,
  Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no voice had sech a swing
  Ez his'n, in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hundred ring,
  She know'd the Lord was nigher.

[*Two assistants draw cotton cloth off stage; two draw scenes open; Zekle removes kerosene lamp from fire-frame.*]

An' she blushed scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnit
Felt somehow, thru its crown, a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

TABLEAU II.

That night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' know'd it too,
A-raspin' on the scraper.

[*Huldah looks off, and appears to listen.*]

All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks on burnt-up paper.

[*Enter Zekle. There must be good pantomimic action through the following scene, illustrative of the text.*]

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the sequel;
His heart kep' goin' pitty pat,—
But *hern* went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her chair a jerk,
Ez tho' she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'poze?"
"Wal—no—I come dazignin'—"
'To see my ma?"

[*Narrow curtain drawn aside, revealing*]:

TABLEAU III.

"She's sprinklin' clo'es,
Agin to-morrow's i'rin'."

[*Narrow curtain slipped back.*]

To say why gals act so and so,
Or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean Yes, and say No,
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't a told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, mister;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An', — wal, he up an' kist her.

[*Having kissed her, Zekle draws chair up, sits, and lays arm across back of chair. Huldah looks down bashfully, biting fingers. Enter Ma, stands with up-raised hands.*]

TABLEAU IV.

When ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
Huldah sot, pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'round the lips,
An' teary 'round the lashes.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight fur all expressin',
Till mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

CURTAIN.

[*Two assistants draw off two scenes; two more table, stool, and mat. Huldah puts on shawl and hat; Zekle places chairs for himself and Huldah; four members of choir come in, each with a chair; leader brings in bass-viol; minister pushes on pulpit. All fall into position.*]

For she was just the quiet kind,
Whose naturs' never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer wind
Snow hid in Janooary.

And her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is

[*Curtain rises.*]

TABLEAU V.

they was cried
In meetin' come next Sunday.

[*Arrangement of Tableau V.*]

ZEKLE.

TWO MEN-SINGERS.

LEADER. MINISTER.

HULDAH.

TWO WOMEN-SINGERS.

[*The leader stands by his bass-viol, listening with a pleased look to the minister, who holds up the publishment of the intended marriage, at arm's length, to read. Zekle looks very bashful; first man-singer leans forward and whispers in his ear. Second man-singer and first woman-singer whisper, she pointing with a fan at Huldah. Huldah turns back on Zekle, and droops head modestly on one side. Second woman-singer half rises to look across at the blushing couple.*]

CURTAIN.

TABLEAU VI.

[*All stand. Minister "deacons out," two lines at a time, the following verse. Choir sing, while Zekle and Huldah are covered with confusion, and utterly unable to carry their parts.*]

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
And now I'm in, I'll never stray,
But thank my stars I've found the way

CURTAIN.

READY SYMPATHY.

G. WEATHERLY.

"Auntie's crying," whispered Clare,
Looking very wise;
"See her sitting over there,
Hiding both her eyes."

"Let us go to her," said Kit,
"Little we can do;
P'rhaps 'twill cheer her, though, a bit,
If we're sorry too."

"Mother kisses tears away
When we're hurt," said Clare;
"Let us too kiss Auntie May;
P'rhaps then she won't care."

Standing by their auntie's side,
With soft hands on her,
Just to make her look they tried;
Auntie did not stir.

"Don't cry, auntie," whispered Kit;
"Don't cry," echoed Clare.
Auntie May still seemed to sit
Heedless they were there.

Kit then clambered on her chair,
'Neath her hands to peep.
"Oh!" said Kit, and "Oh!" said Clare,
"Auntie is asleep!"

READY SYMPATHY.

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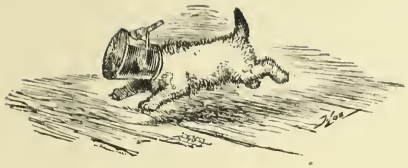

SQUEERS' SCHOOL.

[From Nicholas Nickleby.]

CHARACTERS.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, *an Usher in Dotheboy's Hall.*
WACKFORD SQUEERS, SR., *Master of Dotheboy's Hall.*
WACKFORD SQUEERS, JR., *his son.*
SMIKE, *a servant.*
BOYS, *pupils at Dotheboy's Hall.*
MRS. SQUEERS, *wife.*
FANNY, *her daughter.*

COSTUMES.

NICHOLAS—*Shabby genteel costume.*
SQUEERS—*Shabby black suit; stock; red crop wig.*
WACKFORD—*Boy's plain suit.*
SMIKE—*Ragged and tattered costume.*
BOYS—*Ragged and dirty.*
MRS. SQUEERS—*Slovenly wrapper.*
FANNY—*Plain dress. Red curly hair.*

SCENE I.—(*A schoolroom. Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, Fanny and Wackford discovered.*)

Mr. Squeers. Well, my dear, what do you think of him by this time?

Mrs. Squeers. Think of who?

Mr. S. Of the young man—the new teacher—who else could I mean?

Mrs. S. Oh! that Knuckleboy. I hate him.

Mr. S. What do you hate him for, my dear?

Mrs. S. What's that to you? If I hate him, that's enough, ain't it?

Mr. S. Quite enough for him, my dear, and a great deal too much, I dare say, if he knew it. I only asked from curiosity, my dear.

Mrs. S. Well, then, if you want to know, I'll tell you. Because he's a proud, haughty, consequential, turned-up-nose peacock.

Mr. S. Hem! He is cheap, my dear; the young man is very cheap.

Mrs. S. Not a bit of it.

Mr. S. Five pound a year.

Mrs. S. What of that; it's dear if you don't want him, isn't it?

Mr. S. But we do want him.

Mrs. S. I don't see that you want him any more than the dead. Don't tell me. You can put on the cards and in the advertisements, "Education by Mr. Wackford Squeers and able assistants," without having any assistants, can't you? Isn't it done every day by all the masters about? I have no patience with you.

Mr. S. Haven't you? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squeers, in this matter of having a teacher, I'll take my own way, if you please. A slave driver in the West Indies is allowed a man under him, to see that his blacks don't run away, or get up a rebellion; and I'll have a man under me to do the same with our blacks, till such a time as Wackford is able to take charge of the school.

Wackford. Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man, father?

Mr. S. You are, my son.

Wack. Oh my eye, won't I give it to the boys! Oh, father, won't I make 'em squeak again! (*Mr. and Mrs. Squeers laugh. Squeers gives him a penny.*)

Mrs. S. He's a nasty, stuck up monkey, that's what I consider him.

Mr. S. Supposing he is, he is as well stuck up in our schoolroom as anywhere else, isn't he?—especially as he don't like it.

Mrs. S. Well, there's something in that. I hope it'll bring his pride down, and it shall be no fault of mine if it don't.

Fanny. Who is this proud Knuckleboy that gives himself such airs?

Mr. S. Nickleby; your mother always calls things and people by their wrong names.

Mrs. S. No matter for that, I see them with right eyes, and that's enough for me. I watched him when you were laying on to little Bolder this afternoon. He looked as black as thunder all the while, and one time started up as if he had more than got it in his mind to make a rush at you. I saw him, though he thought I didn't.

Fanny. Never mind that, father. Who is the man?

Mrs. S. Why, your father has got some nonsense in his head that he is the son of a poor gentleman who died the other day.

Fanny. The son of a gentleman?

Mrs. S. Yes, but I don't believe a word of it. If he's a gentleman's son at all, he's a foundling, that's my opinion.

Mr. S. He's nothing of the kind, for his father was married to his mother, years before he was born, and she is alive now. If he was, it would be

no business of ours, for we make a very good friend by having him here; and if he likes to learn the boys anything besides minding them, I have no objection, I am sure.

Mrs. S. I say again, I hate him worse than poison.

Mr. S. If you dislike him, my dear, I don't know anybody who can show dislike any better than you, and of course there's no occasion, with him, to take the trouble to hide it.

Mrs. S. I don't intend to, I assure you.

Mr. S. That's right; and if he has a touch of pride about him, as I think he has, I don't believe there's a woman in all England that can bring anybody's spirit down as quick as you can, my love. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.—(*Same as Scene I. Mr. and Mrs. Squeers discovered.*)

Mr. S. Now then, are you going to sleep all day, up there?

Mrs. S. You lazy hounds!

Nicholas Nickleby (*outside*). We shall be down directly, sir.

Mr. S. Down directly! Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less. Where's that Smike? Smike!

Mrs. S. Do you want your head broke in a fresh place, Smike?

Mr. S. Confound his impudence! Nickleby!

Nick Well, sir. (*outside.*)

Mr. S. Send that obstinate scoundrel down; don't you hear me calling?

Nick. (*outside.*) He is not here, sir.

Mr. S. Don't tell me a lie. He is.

Nick. (*outside, angrily.*) He is not; don't tell me one.

Mr. S. We shall soon see that. I'll find him, I warrant you. (*Exit R. Enter Nickleby, R. Squeers comes back. Exit Mrs. Squeers, L.*) What does this mean? Where have you hid him?

Nick. I have seen nothing of him since last night.

Mr. S. Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?

Nick. At the bottom of the nearest pond, for aught I know.

Mr. S. D—n you, what do you mean by that? Boys! (*Boys come in and huddle together.*) Do any of you know where Smike is?

Boy. Please sir, I think Smike's run away, sir.

Mr. S. Ha! Who said that?

Boys. Tompkins, please sir. (*Squeers rushes at Tompkins and takes him by the collar.*)

Mr. S. You think he has run away, do you, sir?

Boy. Yes, please sir.

Mr. S. (*whips boy.*) There. Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I should be glad to have a talk with him. Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose?

Nick. (*quietly.*) I think it is extremely likely.

Mr. S. (*sneering.*) Oh, you do, do you? Maybe you know he has?

Nick. I know nothing of the kind.

Mr. S. He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?

Nick. He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would have been my duty to have warned you in time.

Mr. S. (*tauntingly.*) Which, no doubt, you would have been very sorry to do.

Nick. I should indeed. You interpret my feelings with great accuracy. (*Enter Mrs. S.*)

Mrs. S. What's all this here-to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery?

Mr. S. Why, my dear, the fact is, Smike is not to be found.

Mrs. S. Well, I know that, and where's the wonder? If you get a parcel of proud-stomach teachers that set young dogs rebelling, what else can you look for? Now, young man, you just have the kindness to take yourself off to the other room, and take the boys off with you, and don't you stir out of there till you have leave given you, or you and I may fall out in a way that may spoil your beauty, handsome as you think yourself, and so I tell you.

Nick. Indeed!

Mrs. S. Yes; and indeed and indeed again, Mr. Jackanapes; and I wouldn't keep such as you in the house another hour, if I had my way.

Nick. Nor would you if I had mine. Now, boys!

Mrs. S. (*mimicking him.*) Ah! Now boys! Follow your leader, boys, and take pattern by Smike, if you dare. See what he'll get for himself, when he's brought back; and mind! I tell you that you shall have as bad, if you so much as open your mouths about him.

Mr. S. If I catch him, I'll only stop short of flaying him alive. I give you notice, boys.

Mrs. S. If you catch him, you are sure to; you can't help it, if you go the right way to work. Come! Away with you! (*Nickleby and boys exit L.*) He is off. The cow house and stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road, too.

Mr. S. Why must he?

Mrs. S. Stupid! He hadn't any money, had he?

Mr. S. Never had a penny of his own in his life, that I know of.

Mrs. S. To be sure, and he didn't take anything to eat with him, that I'll answer for. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. S. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. S. Then of course he must beg his way, and he could not do that nowhere but on the public road.

Mr. S. That's true. (*clapping his hands.*)

Mrs. S. True! Yes; but you would never have thought of it, if I hadn't said so. Now if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open, and asking questions, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.— (*Same as Scenes I. and II. Nickleby and boys discovered.*)

Squeers. (*outside.*) Lift him out. Bring him in; bring him in!

Mrs. S. (*outside.*) Take care. We tied his legs under the apron, and made him fast to the chaise to prevent his giving us the slip again. (*Mr. and Mrs. Squeers enter L., dragging in Smike between them.*)

Mr. S. Is every boy here? Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! to your desk, sir. (*Nickleby goes to his desk, R.*) Smike, you hound, have you anything to say for yourself?

Nick. I have a long series of insults to avenge; and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practiced on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head! (*Squeers gives a howl and*

spits on Nickleby, who snatches whip from Squeers. Nickleby knocks Squeers down and chastises him. Mrs. Squeers tries to drag queers away by his coat tails. Fanny and Wackford pitch on to Nickleby.)

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Boys.	Wack.	Nick.	Squeers.	Mrs. S.	Fanny.

SEPTEMBER.

GRACE COURTLAND.

A shadowy veil is gathering on the hills,
The autumn winds are stealing from the south;
The thirsty pastures drink the lazy rills
Where butterflies are winging merry rout.

The thistle-down is drifting on the breeze,
And misty cobwebs fill the dreamy air;
The faintest blush of nature in the trees
Hath flamed the golden aster's hair.

In stubble fields the garnered wheat
Bespeaks the fruitful harvest o'er,
Where burdened branches bend to greet
The sweeping orchard's wasted store.

In leafy groves the locust's call
Is answering to the drone of bees;
The flowers are fading, and the fall
Is creeping o'er the upland leas.

AUTUMN.

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EXERCISE FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

Several children. One representing Time, and holding an hour-glass. The Old Year stands beside a half-open door. New Year enters by a door opposite.

1. One of the group of children speaks.
2. Speaks to Time, who holds up hour-glass.
3. Speaks to Old Year.
4. Old Year speaks.
5. Bells in the distance.
6. Old Year passes out.
7. One of the group of children.
8. Another child in same group.
9. The New Year—a boy with long, yellow hair—enters. All the children together.
10. New Year speaks.
11. Enter twelve children to represent the months.
12. Enter four children to represent the number of weeks in a month.
13. Enter seven children to represent the days of the week.

1. Under the drifting winter snow
   The earth is fast asleep.
   And high above, in the steel-blue sky,
   The pale stars vigils keep.

2. Lift up your glass, old Father Time,
Let us see how the bright grains flow,
For close by your side a pallid form,
The Old Year waits to go.

3. O year so feeble and bent and old,
Before the New Year's heard—
Your time is short—yet ere you go
Wouldst say a parting word?

4. Yes, well I know my time is brief,
My sands are almost gone,
No more for me on sea or land
Shall dawn another morn.

It matters not. My day is o'er,
I'll take my needed rest.
The work God sent me here to do
Is done. I've tried my best

To do it well. Now, weak and worn,
I lay my burden down,
And gladly to the New Year give
My glitt'ring golden crown.

He's coming full of life and hope,
A careless, happy boy,
Dost think that one so blithe and gay
Would bring thee aught but joy?

O, friends, believe whate'er he brings,
He only does God's will,
He sends in mercy joy or grief,
Believe and trust Him still.

5. But hark! from every steeple now
I hear the glad bells ring,
The last grain falls, my time is o'er,
Farewell! the New Year's King. 6.

7. There's a quaint and curious legend
That when the Old Year dies,
He wings his course away from earth
Straight up to Paradise..

And waits outside the pearly gates
Till Peter turns the key,
And then within the golden streets
He bends a lowly knee.

Before the great white throne he shows
The record of the year,
Wherein all deeds, the good and bad,
Must every one appear.

He sees it sealed, its secret hid,
Till that last dreadful day,
When sun and moon, and earth and sky,
Shall surely pass away.

And then among the phantom years
That vanished one by one,
He takes his place, a shadow form,
His earthly work all done.

8. Perchance 'tis true, for in God's Book
We read that all we say,
The ghost of foolish words and deeds,
Shall meet us that last day.

All recite.—"I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—*Matt.* xii, 36.

9. But see the brave young King appears,
   A bright-eyed, sturdy boy;
   We greet you kindly, fair young sir,
   And wish you every joy.

10. Thanks for your greeting, friends,
   I hear the merry bells a-ringing,
   And high and low throughout the land
   The New Years's praises singing.

9. Just as they welcomed him who now
   Passed through yon open door,
   Just so they'll welcome him who'll come
   When my brief reign is o'er.

   Well, let it pass, it matters not,
   Life's journey's but begun,
   I'll do my work, and when 'tis o'er
   I'll hear Him say, "Well done."

All recite.—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. xxv, 21.

All the children together.—

Behold, there slowly comes this way
   A strange and curious crew,
The seasons, months, the weeks and days
   Come marching into view.

Seasons together.—

11. We are the seasons blithe and bold,
Summer's heat and winter's cold,
Spring's warm sunshine, birds and showers,
Autumn's painted leaves and flowers;
He who dwells in endless day
Started us upon our way,
And not till time shall be no more
Shall our long day of work be o'er.

All on stage.—"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."—Gen. viii, 22.

Months together.—

12. We are the months, time's henchmen true,
Ever ready his work to do;
We lock the rivers, ponds, and lakes,
We sift the earth with feathery flakes;
The brown buds swell and the green leaves come,
We bring the insects' drowsy hum,
The autumn fruits and the ripened grain,
Then Winter's snowy reign again,
And whatever work you give we'll do,
For we are your servants brave and true.

9. Well said, well said, O months so true,
Well said, my servants bold,
Be sure to its own time ye give
The hours of heat and cold.

All on stage.—"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—Ps. lxxix, 17.

Weeks together.—

13. We are the weeks. See us march along,
Sometimes we've a story, and sometimes a song;
We're not very big, but 'twill only take
Four of our number a month to make.
Now, bonny young king, we have come to-day

To help you along your toilsome way;
No sunny and flowery path you'll tread,
'Tis narrow and thorny and rough instead;
Of sorrow and trouble you'll have your share,
It will bend your form and whiten your hair,
But remember, however hard it may be,
You are working for all eternity.

All on stage.—"Be strong, all ye people of the land saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts."—Hag. ii, 4.

New Year.—

What care I though my locks o' gold
Are shorn of all their beauty?
Why should I fear old Father Time?
I've come to do my duty,
To right old wrongs, to help the weak,
And do the Father's will;
O weeks and months, I'll need your help
To every task fulfill.

All on stage.—"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—John ix, 4.

Days together.—

14. We are the days, come hand in hand,

Marching together, a happy band,
Made up of shade and sunshine, we,
The fairest of this company ;
Seven sisters, good and true,
O King, we come to welcome you ;
We're little ones, yet well we know
We each can help you here below,
Help to right some bitter wrong,
Help to make some weak one strong,
Help you lighten some one's sorrow,
Help ring in that golden morrow,
When all heaven and earth shall sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

All on stage.—"O, let the nations be glad and sing for joy."—Ps. lxvii, 4.

[*Seasons, Months, Weeks and Days, all join hands and march round the New Year, reciting together:*]

So we, your servants tried and true,
Do every one appear,
Our seasons, months, our weeks and days
Make up your little year.

New Year.—
O, gather around, months and weeks,
O days, come around me too,
We are starting out on our journey now,
And we all have a work to do.
Let us do it so wisely and do it so well
That angels who watch us will hasten to tell
To the saints up in Heaven the wonderful story,
And the Father who reigneth forever in glory

Shall whisper, when all of our work is complete,
And we stand on Death's threshold with world-weary feet,
Come hither, O year, and each month, week and day,
In Heaven above there's a mansion for aye.

All recite.—"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv, 2.

THE EASTER WREATH.

CLARA J. DENTON.

A service in verse for nine girls.

CHARACTERS.

FAITH,	HOPE,	LOVE,
LILY,	WHITE CARNATION,	EUPATORIUM,
NARCISSUS,	SNOWDROP,	CROCUS.

COSTUMES.

Simple white dresses for all the characters. Those personating the different flowers should be decorated with the blossoms they represent; they must also carry wreaths of the same.

FAITH, HOPE and LOVE may carry in the hand or wear across the bosom emblems appropriate to their several characters. Thus: Faith, a cross; Hope, an anchor; Love, three rings intertwined. These emblems may be made of pasteboard and covered with evergreens or gilt paper, as most convenient; or, if preferred, they may be omitted altogether.

[*Faith, Hope and Love advance while slow, soft music is playing and take their places in the centre with their arms about each other. When the music ceases they recite together the following lines:*]

Now, Faith, Hope and Love
  Should to-day abound,
In each Christian's heart
  May we all be found.
This the Christian's feast,
  Only He can know

Why the Easter Day
Does our reign foreshow.
O, most happy day,
Crown of all the year,
How shall thought and deed,
Make our joy appear?

[*They step apart, Faith and Hope branching out to right of centre. Somewhat back of centre a table or reading-desk is placed. It should be draped with white and trimmed with evergreens.*]

Faith.—

Faith would point the heart
To the Lord of all,
Who has set us free
From death's cruel thrall.

Hope.—

All the hope fulfilled,
That this day doth hold,
This poor speech of mine
Never can unfold.

Love.—

O'er the wide earth Love
Sends a benison
For the ransom free
By our Saviour won.

All.—

Then let earth to-day
Her best offerings bring,
Flowers, fair and sweet,
Touched by Love's white wing.

For their soft perfume,
Floating on the air,
All the Christian's joy
Seems afar to bear.

[*Soft music is now played and the six flowers advance in single file and in the order that their recitations are given. When the Lily is in front of the table or desk before mentioned, they all stand, the music ceases, and they recite together the following lines.*]

We are the flowers, to mortals dear,
Coming with hidden perfume here
To celebrate this Easter Day,
Where gladsome Christians kneel and pray.
If brighter grows at our behest
The star of Hope in one sad breast,
If higher soar Faith's snowy wings,
Lifting the soul from earthly things,
If Christian hearts more closely cling
Because our presence here we bring,
Our humble praise to Him we give
By whose all-loving power we live.

Love.—

But, tell us, flowers fair, we pray,
Your names who grace this Easter Day.

Lily.—

I, the lily, fair as snow,
With my upheld cup I show
Weary ones that God above
Watches o'er us with His love.

White Carnation.—

White Carnation, sweet am I,
Mark my fragrance wafted by.
Like a prayer that upward speeds
To His ear that ever heeds.

Eupatorium.

Eupatorium, my name,
And the "Easter flower" my claim,
Resurrection's hope I show,
Though the earth is wrapped in snow.

Narcissus.—

I, Narcissus, smiling nigh,
Once the "Rose of Sharon" I,
Type of Him who broke in twain
Sin's relentless, deadly chain.

Snowdrop.—

I, the Snowdrop, hiding low,
Living on beneath the snow;
So God's promises abide,
Though the clouds His smiling hide.

Crocus.—

I, the Crocus, first to bring
News of earth's awakening;
So the bonds of death shall break
From the soul for Jesus' sake.

Faith.—

O ye flowers, 'tis true to-day,
That ye turn the heart away
From this earth and all its woe,
All its dross and empty show.

Hope.—

And the helpers thus are ye,
Of ourselves, the mystic three,
Making all this Easter time
Echo joy and peace sublime.

All the flowers.—

To Faith, Hope and Love we bring,
From hearts sincere an offering,
Upon the shrine we humbly lay
An Easter wreath this gladsome day.

[*Soft music is now played while the flowers march slowly around the table, each laying her wreath upon it. Lily returns to her place in front of the table, the others taking positions around it at regular intervals; thus, when the last wreath is deposited, the flowers will form a circle or wreath around the table. The music ceases, and all of the characters recite in unison the following lines:*]

Let the joyful tidings o'er the wide earth run,
Christ for us the victory over death hath won,
Yes, from tongue to tongue let the glad news speed,
Hark! "Christ is arisen," "Christ is risen, indeed!"

Faith.—Yes, "Christ is arisen."
Hope.—"Is arisen."
Love.—"Is risen, indeed."
All the flowers.—"Christ is risen, indeed."

All retire to soft music.

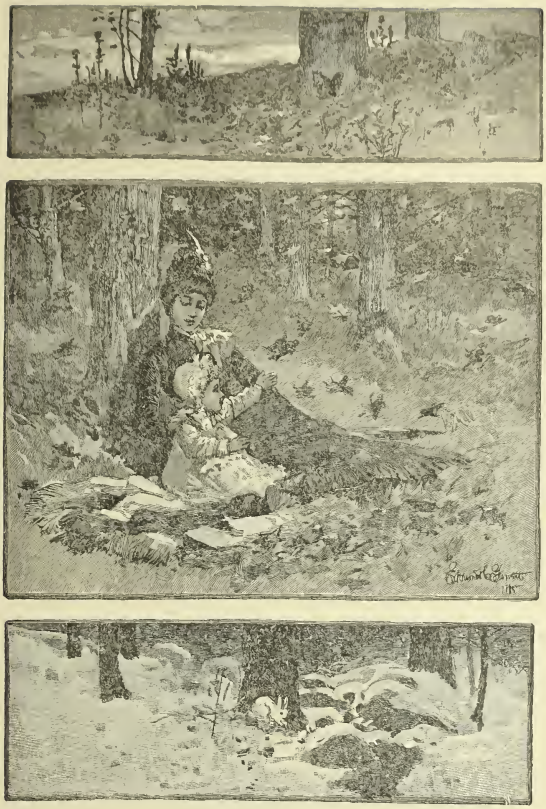
THE FALLING LEAVES.

A blithe red squirrel sat under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
Some were golden, some were red,
And some were a russet-brown.
"If only these leaves were nuts," thought he,
"What a rich little squirrel I should be."

A sweet little baby sat under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
They fell in his lap, they danced on his toes,
And they tickled his little bald crown.
He lifted his arms, and crowed with glee:
"They're birdies, mamma, all flying to me."

Some poor little flowers lay under a tree,
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;
And they thought of the cold, bleak, wintry days,
And the snow-king's angry frown.
But the leaves called out, "We're coming, you see,
To tuck you in as snug as can be."

A shy white bunny sat under a tree,
But the snow flakes were falling adown, adown;
The wise red squirrel had scampered away,
And the baby had gone to town.
So he lifted the cover a trifle to see,
And the flowers were sleeping as sound as could be.



THE FALLING LEAVES.

LIBRARY
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NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

LIFE, after all, is a kindly affair,
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care,
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling,
Don't be suspicious, and selfish and cold,
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate,
Why should you think you will find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate;
Try loving.

WHEN I'M A WOMAN.

A DIALOGUE.—(FOR SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS.)

1st.—Nobody knows how I want to grow,
How I count the days as they come and go,
Wishing and wishing that time had wings,
For I've made up my mind to do great things,
When I'm a woman!
I mean to grow fresher year by year,
And I'll be so smart that the people here
Shall ask how I manage so.

2d. — When I'm a woman I mean to show
What wonderful things a woman can know;
I'll know French and German to write and speak,
And read all those funny old books in Greek,
Besides what there are in Latin;
I won't take a minute to work or play,
But I'll study by night and I'll study by day,
To show what a woman can do!

3d. — A writer I'll be, and I'll engage
To write not a single stupid page,
But funny, short stories for girls and boys,
And songs to be sung with a good deal of noise,
And marvelous fairy tales!
I know all the children will buy my books,
And I'll write some, too, for the older folks;
In the newspapers, first, I guess,
Letters, perhaps, from over the sea,
To tell the strange things that have happened to me,
And how the queer people dress.

4th. — Such a famous housekeeper I will be,
That all the ladies will call to see
How ever I make such beautiful bread,
For all my household shall be well fed
When I'm a woman.
Oh! the sweet jellies and creams I'll make;
And of daintiest puddings, and pies, and cake,
I will always have great store.
My kitchen floor shall be snowy white,
And everything else shall be just right
That you find inside my door.

5th.—I'll be a lecturer, traveling about,
When it isn't too stormy for men to go out;
I'll show them their sphere, and the woman's, too,
And tell the young girls what they ought to do
When they are women.
I'll let people see why the world goes wrong,
And make them all hope that it won't be long
Before women can have their way;
Freedom to lecture, to vote, to preach,
To do everything within their reach,
We surely will have some day!

6th.—I'll be a milliner, wrapped in a cloud
Of laces and ribbons, and sought by a crowd
Of beautiful ladies in velvet and pearls,
Who want exquisite hats for their dear little girls,
In styles just fresh from Paris.
Such ravishing bonnets as I'll invent
Have never been seen on this continent!
And for customers to prepare them,
I'll have dozens of girls sewing night and day.
For fear the new fashions will grow *passee*
Before folks get a chance to wear them.

7th.—When I'm a woman, a teacher I'll be,
And I hope I'll often have company;
For I think the scholars improve the best
When committees and parents show interest.
When I am a woman
I expect that teachers will have great pay,
And won't work more than three hours a day,
And vacations will be so long!
I'll caution my scholars to take great care

To study no more than their health will bear.
For that would be very wrong.

All. When we are women, you then will see
The useful things that women can be.
—*Lucy B. Wiggin in Good Times.*

THE CHILDREN OF STORY LAND.

Marian. Why, how strange! Here is the gate at the back of our garden, and just beyond there are thick woods. I never saw them there before. Can all these trees have grown up in a single night, like Jack's bean-stalk? I will go a little further, and see what it means. Oh, there is a little girl, with a red cloak and hood. Can it be—but no, that was only a story. (*Enter Red Riding-Hood.*)

R. R. Welcome, little stranger. Welcome to Story Land.

M. Oh, is that the name of this beautiful new country? And who are you? It seems as if I had seen you before.

R. R. They call me little Red Riding-Hood. I am going to carry this pat of butter to my grandmother, and I shall be glad of your company. It is not far.

M. Why, I thought the wolf killed you and ate you up.

R. R. Oh, no! I am as much alive as ever, you see. The fact is, Jack the Giant Killer came in and killed the wolf, before he had a chance to do me any harm.

M. And didn't the wolf eat up your grandmother either?

R. R. No; she had hidden in the closet. She is alive and well yet.

M. I think I will not take that walk with you now. I am afraid of the wolves.

R. R. You need not be, for since Jack the Giant Killer came to live here, ever so many years ago, not a wolf dares to show his face. Jack would soon dispose of them.

M. How old are you, Red Riding-Hood?

R. R. I suppose I must be several hundred years old, but I feel about seven. Children never grow old in Story Land.

M. How funny! And when did all these trees grow up? I never saw them before.

R. R. They are always here, but you cannot always see them. They are visible only when you come through the right gate.

M. I came through our garden gate.

R. R. But you must have opened the other at the same time or you wouldn't be here.

M. What gate is that?

R. R. The gate that opens into Story Land.

M. Let us sit down under this tree and talk about it.

R. R. I cannot now, because grandmother will be expecting me. But here comes somebody who can tell you more, if you want to know. Good-bye. (*Exit. Enter Cinderella.*)

C. I wish I could see her now, right here in this wood.

M. Who?

C. Oh, I didn't know any one was here. Only my fairy godmother.

M. Why, I really believe you are—Who *are* you?

C. Only Cinderella.

M. Where are your glass slippers?

C. One of them is in my pocket. I have lost the other.

M. And are you married to the Prince?

C. I married? Why, I am not old enough yet. But perhaps I shall marry a prince when I grow up.

M. Why do you want to see your fairy godmother?

C. Because she always tells me what to do, when I am in difficulty.

M. Are you in difficulty now?

C. Yes, they have set me some very hard work to do.

M. Poor little girl, I am just as sorry for you as I can be.

C. You need not be, because I have a fairy godmother, and there are good times coming. There always are in Story Land. (*Enter Little Boy Blue, who lays himself down under a tree.*)

M. Tell me, who that is lying down there, with a horn in his hand?

C. Oh, that is Little Boy Blue. He is the sleepiest fellow you ever saw. Set him to watch the sheep indeed! I wonder his master doesn't discharge him. I mean to startle him before I go. Little Boy Blue, why are you sleeping there? The sheep are in the meadow, and the cows are trampling down all your master's corn.

L. B. B. Oh, dear! Can't a fellow ever catch a nap without having that dinned in his ears? (*Exit, rubbing his eyes.*)

C. The trouble with him is he was born in the land of Nod, and never fairly woke up since he came here.

M. The Land of Nod? Where is that?

C. It lies just east of Story Land. But I must go, or they will be calling me. (*Exit. Enter Goody Two Shoes*).

G. T. S. Two shoes! Two shoes! What a lucky girl I am!

M. What is your name, little girl?

G. T. S. My real name is Margaret Meanwell, but I am known as Goody Two Shoes.

M. Oh, are you! Pray tell me why you are called so.

G. T. S. I used to be so poor that I could not afford to wear two shoes. So, when I had a new pair, I wore first one on my right foot then the other on my left, till they were worn out. I always put my best foot foremost. But better days came, and then I could afford to wear two shoes at once. The whole village were so rejoiced at my luck that they called me Little Goody Two Shoes. I am sure I don't know why everybody is so kind to me. (*Enter Jennie Wren.*)

J. W. I know your tricks and your manners. Everybody is kind to you because you are kind to everybody.

M. I have heard all about your school, Goody, and how much all the neighbors thought of you.

J. W. And all about your raven Ralph, your pigeon Tom, your lark Tippy, and your lamb Will.

G. T. S. Yes; by their aid I taught the children to rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.

M. Don't go, Goody Two Shoes. I should like to talk with you longer.

G. T. S. I thank you, my little friend, but one of my neighbors wants my help about something, so I must bid you good-bye for the present. (*Exit.*)

J. W. Almost as quiet and as sensible as a grown-up. I like her.

M. Do you like me, too?

J. W. Don't know yet, if you are quiet and sensible. I don't like children in general.

M. But you haven't told me who you are yet.

J. W. Nobody but Jennie Wren. Just allow me, will you, to see how your dress is cut. I am a dolls' dressmaker, and I must have an eye to business. (*Enter Jack Horner with a pie in his hand.*)

M. Who is that boy, Jennie?

J. W. That is Jack Horner. Now just watch him. He'll sit down in some corner and eat that pie without ever asking us to join him. I know his tricks and his manners. (*Jack seats himself under a tree and begins to eat. Holds up a large plum.*)

J. H. Hurrah! What a hero I am, to be sure! (*Jack the Giant Killer rushes in with a drawn sword in his hand.*)

J. G. K. You a hero? You great lump of selfishness! A hero is one who acts nobly for others, not who claims all good things for himself. Why don't you share that pie? Get up out of that corner, and make yourself of some use in the world.

J. H. What right have you to dictate to me? Who are you, I should like to know?

J. G. K. I am Jack the Giant Killer, and I was born to redress wrongs, and fight for the right. Here goes for Giant Selfishness!

J. H. Oh! oh! Don't kill me. You may have my pie, plums and all. I have eaten all I want. (*Exit.*)

J. G. K. I don't want his pie. Allow me, ladies, to offer this greedy boy's dainty where it is better deserved.

M. I am much obliged to you, but I couldn't think of taking it.

J. W. Nor I, thank you.

J. G. K. Then I shall take it to the Old Woman who Lives in the Shoe. How she contrives to feed all those children is a mystery to me. (*Exit.*)

J. Horner. (*Looking in.*) I know where I can get another pie, at Little King Boggen's. I shall take a slice right out of his front door. He can easily mend it again. (*Exit.*)

M. What does that ridiculous boy mean?

J. W. Your education has been greatly neglected if you have never heard of Little King Boggen, who built a fine hall entirely of pies and puddings, and slated with pancakes. It is one of the curiosities of Story Land. But I must go now. There is no knowing what my bad child may be up to while I am away.

M. What *does* he mean? (*Enter Little Bo-Peep.*)

M. Oh! I know who you are. Who are you looking for, Little Bo-Peep?

L. B.-P. I have lost my beautiful white sheep, and I can't tell where to find them. I have looked up the meadow and down the meadow, and all through the woods of Story Land.

M. Don't be troubled about them, Little Bo-Peep. Just let them alone, and they will be sure to come home of themselves.

L. B.-P. Well, perhaps they will. One day they strayed away and got mixed with the flocks of Little Boy Blue, while he was asleep in the meadow. I went to sleep, too, for it was a very warm day, and I had wandered to the borders of the Land of Nod, where the air is always drowsy. Then I dreamed I heard them bleating in great distress, but when I awoke with a start, I found it was all a joke of Dickey Dilver's, who was making a noise to imitate them, and my sheep were all quietly feeding near by. (*A voice is heard singing*)

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home;
With their true loves behind 'em."

M. Who is that?

L. B.-P. Nobody but Tommy Tucker, singing for his supper. He always has the best of white bread and butter, but he has no knife to cut it with. I must go and help him. But I wish I could find my sheep first. (*Exit. Enter Puss in Boots.*)

P. in B. Room for my master, the great, the good, the kind, the brave Marquis of Carabas!

M. Oh, dear! What shall I do in the presence of so mighty a personage? (*Enter Marquis of Carabas.*)

M. of C. Good-morning, little maiden.

M. Good-morning, sir. I hope your lordship will excuse me if through ignorance I do not treat you with all the respect due to your distinguished name and position.

M. of C. Pray do not treat me with any ceremony. All that I have I owe to the disinterested services of my friend, the illustrious Puss in Boots. (*Enter page.*)

P. My lord marquis, the King of Story Land desires your attendance at the royal palace.

M. of C. I will attend upon his majesty immediately. (*Exeunt M. of C. and P. in B.*)

P. A singular affair! a very singular affair.

M. What is it, sir?

P. Haven't you heard of it? But I perceive you are a stranger here. You must know that I am a page in the palace, so I am well acquainted with all the circumstances. At the royal breakfast this morning a bird pie was set before his majesty, a present from Little King Boggen, whose skill in the culinary art, as well as his peculiar taste in architecture is well-known. The pie was large and unusually tempting in appearance. But when it was cut, imagine the consternation of the king,

and of all present, when twenty-four blackbirds immediately flew out of the dish and began to sing. After the first shock of surprise, his majesty was rather inclined to be displeased with Little King Boggen, but afterward concluded to treat the matter as a good joke. The queen remarked that she should console herself for the disappointment by partaking of her favorite refreshment of bread and honey. The king replied that he had lost his appetite, and if her majesty would excuse him he would repair to the royal treasury. But this was not the last of the birds. While one of the maids employed in the laundry of the palace was engaged in her usual occupation, a blackbird flew suddenly out of the window, and bit her nose so severely that if the king's surgeon had not immediately come to her relief, she would have been disfigured for life. A very singular affair!

M. It is, indeed, sir. (*Exit page. Enter Little Nell.*)

L. N. Pray, little girl, have you seen my grandfather, an old man with long white hair, and bright blue eyes? He has gone out without his hat and cloak, and I am afraid he will take cold.

M. No, I have not. What is your name, little girl?

L. N. They call me Little Nell.

M. Have you come far? You look very tired.

L. N. We have come a long way, my grandfather and I, but we have found a happy, quiet place now, and the schoolmaster is very kind to us.

M. Sit down and talk with me here a little while. Don't shake your head and look so sorrowful.

L. N. I am not sorrowful; I am happy. But I cannot stay with you now, because I must find my

grandfather. I think he must be working in his garden, and he will want me to help him. Perhaps I will come again in the spring. Good-bye.

M. Good-bye, dear Little Nell. (*Exit Little Nell.*)

M. She will be an angel, I think, when the spring comes. (*Little Nell appears at a distance, and stands looking sorrowfully toward M.*)

M. Come with me, dear, to my home. I have permission to ask a few little friends to supper, and I should so like to have you.

L. N. I cannot. Oh, I cannot! (*Exit.*)

(*Little Red Riding-Hood and others silently enter one by one, and disappear again.*)

M. Oh, come all of you. I see you, Red Riding-Hood, and Cinderella, and Goody Two Shoes, and all. Come with me to supper to my pleasant home.

Voices in the Distance. We cannot, we cannot.

M. I hear your voices, but I cannot see you any longer. Why cannot you come?

A Voice. Because, though our mission is to give pleasure to you, and to many children like you, we are not flesh and blood; we cannot cross your threshold nor partake of earthly fare. You must come into our country when you would behold us and talk with us, for though we never grow old and never die, we are but shadows; we are only Children of Fairy Land.—*From Dialogues and Conversations.*

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